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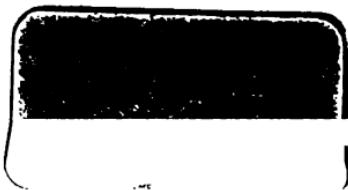
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**POEMS FROM EASTERN SOURCES,**

**GENOVEVA,**

**AND OTHER POEMS.**



**POEMS FROM EASTERN SOURCES,**

**GENOVEVA,**

**AND OTHER POEMS.**

**BY**

**RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.**

*SECOND EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS.*

**LONDON:**

**JOHN W. PARKER AND SON, WEST STRAND.**

**M DCCC LI.**



## CONTENTS.

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|   | PAGE |
|---|------|
| ALEXANDER AT THE GATES OF PARADISE.—A LEGEND FROM<br>THE TALMUD . . . . . | 3    |
| GHIDHER'S WELL . . . . .  | 9    |
| THE BANISHED KINGS . . . . .  | 13   |
| THE BALLADS OF HAROUN AL RASCHID . . . . .                                | 18   |
| THE EASTERN NARCISSUS . . . . .   | 33   |
| THE SEASONS . . . . .   | 35   |
| MOSSES AND JETHRO . . . . .   | 43   |
| PROVERBS,—TURKISH AND PERSIAN . . . . .                                   | 47   |
| THANKFULNESS . . . . .  | 51   |
| LOVE . . . . .  | 53   |
| THE FALCON . . . . .  | 55   |
| THE BREAKER OF IDOLS . . . . .  | 56   |
| LIFE THROUGH DEATH . . . . .  | 59   |
| THE WORLD . . . . .   | 62   |
| THE MONK AND SINNER . . . . .   | 64   |
| "WHAT, THOU ASkest, IS THE HEAVEN" . . . . .                              | 67   |
| THE SUPPLIANT . . . . .   | 69   |

|  | PAGE |
|--|------|
| THE CERTAINTIES OF FAITH . . . . .   | 71   |
| THE PANTHEIST; OR, THE ORIGIN OF EVIL . . . . .                                    | 74   |
| GHAZEL . . . . .   | 77   |
| THE RIGHTEOUS OF THE WORLD . . . . .   | 78   |
| PRAYER . . . . .   | 80   |
| THE FALCON'S REWARD . . . . .  | 82   |
| THE CONVERSION OF ABRAHAM . . . . .  | 86   |
| THE TRUE PILGRIM . . . . .   | 87   |
| CHARITY . . . . .  | 91   |
| THE VASE OF HONEY . . . . .  | 92   |
| SONNET . . . . .   | 93   |
| EASTERN MORALITIES . . . . .   | 94   |
| GENOVEVA . . . . .   | 102  |
| THE STEADFAST PRINCE . . . . .   | 145  |
| ORPHEUS AND THE SIRENS . . . . .   | 177  |
| QUATRAINS . . . . .  | 186  |
| THE OIL OF MERCY . . . . .   | 189  |
| THE TREE OF LIFE.—FROM THE GERMAN OF BÜCKERT . . . . .                             | 195  |
| THE TREE OF LIFE.—FROM AN OLD LATIN POEM . . . . .                                 | 197  |
| THE CROSS.—FROM CALDERON . . . . .   | 200  |
| PARADISE.—FROM THE GERMAN OF BÜCKERT . . . . .                                     | 201  |
| THE HOLY EUCHARIST.—FROM CALDERON . . . . .  | 204  |
| "OH THOU OF DARK FOREBODINGS DREAR" . . . . .                                      | 205  |
| THE PRODIGAL . . . . .   | 206  |
| LINES WRITTEN ON THE FIRST TIDINGS OF THE CABUL MASSACRES, JANUARY, 1842 . . . . . | 208  |

## CONTENTS. vii

|   | PAGE |
|---|------|
| MOOLTAN . . . . .                                   | 211  |
| THE LOBNY-LEY.—FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE . . . . .   | 216  |
| HYMN TO OCEAN.—FROM THE GERMAN OF RÜCKERT . . . . . | 218  |
| SUNSET.—FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE . . . . .         | 220  |
| THE CURSE OF CORN-HOARDERS . . . . .                | 222  |
| THE CORREGAN.—A BALLAD OF BRITTANY . . . . .        | 232  |
| SONNET . . . . .                                    | 237  |
| SONNET . . . . .                                    | 238  |
| SONNET . . . . .                                    | 239  |
| ST. CHRYSOSTOM . . . . .                            | 240  |
| THE ETRURIAN KING . . . . .                         | 241  |
| THE PRIZE OF SONG . . . . .                         | 243  |

1

P O E M S  
FROM  
EASTERN SOURCES.

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## N O T E.

THE following Poems bear somewhat a vague title, because such only would accurately suit compositions which have been derived in very different degrees from the sources thus indicated. Some are mere translations; others have been modelled anew, and only such portions used of the originals as were adapted to my purpose; of others it is only the imagery and thought which are Eastern, and these have been put together in new combinations; while of others it is the hint, and nothing more, which has been borrowed,—it may be from some prose source. On this subject, however, more information will be given in the notices which precede several of the poems.

## ALEXANDER AT THE GATES OF PARADISE.

### A Legend from the Talmud.

SEE Eisenmenger's *Entdecktes Judenthum*, v. ii. p. 321, with whom I trust that my readers will not agree, for he has scarcely patience to finish this "narrische Talmudische Fabel," as he styles it. It reappears, slightly modified, in the Persian tradition, according to which, Alexander, having conquered the world, determined to seek out the fountain of life and immortality. In like manner, in the Christian poems of the middle ages, Alexander is made to recognise at last the vanity and emptiness of all the glory which he has won, and is hardly turned from his purpose of going forth at last in search of the lost Paradise; see Rosenkranz' *Gesch. d. Deutschen Poesie in Mittelalter*, p. 367. Very notable is this making Alexander, and no other, the man from whom the confession comes, that the world has not that which can truly satisfy man's spirit, but that he still yearns for something beyond. It is like, in Scripture, the same confession coming from the lips of Solomon; for in each case the experiment has been made under the most favourable circumstances: so that in one case, as in the other, it may be asked, "What can the man do, that cometh after the king?" (Eccles. ii. 12.)

FIERCE was the glare of Cashmere's middle day,  
When Alexander for Hydaspes bent,  
Through trackless wilds urged his impetuous way;  
  
Who yet in that wide wasteful continent  
A little valley found, so calm, so sweet,  
He there awhile to tarry was content.

A crystal stream was murmuring at his feet,  
Whereof the Monarch, when his meal was done,  
Took a long draught, to slake his fever heat.

Again he drank, and yet again, as one  
Who would have drained that fountain crystalline  
Of all its waves, and left it dry anon :

For in his veins, oftentimes a-fire with wine,  
And in his bosom, throne of sleepless pride,  
The while he drank, went circling peace divine.

It seemed as though all evil passions died  
Within him, slaked was every fire accurst ;  
So that in rapturous joy aloud he cried :

“ Oh! might I find where these pure waters first  
Shoot sparkling from their living fountain-head,  
Oh, there to quench my spirit’s inmost thirst !

“ Sure, if we followed where these waters led,  
We should at length some fairer region gain  
Than yet has quaked beneath our iron tread,—

“ Some land that should in very truth contain  
Whate’er we dream of beautiful and bright,  
And idly dreaming of, pursue in vain ;

“ That land must stoop beneath our conquering might.  
Companions dear, this toil remains alone,  
To win that region of unmatched delight.

“ O faithful in a thousand labours known,  
One toil remains, the noblest and the last ;  
Let us arise, and make that land our own.”

—Through realms of darkness, wildernesses vast,  
All populous with sights and sounds of fear,  
In heat and cold, by day and night, he past,  
  
With trumpet clang, with banner, and with spear ;  
Yearning to drink that river, where it sent  
Its first pure waters forth, serene and clear ;  
  
Till boldest captains sank, their courage spent,  
And dying cried—“ This stream all search defies”—  
But never would he tarry nor repent,  
  
Nor pitched his banners, till before his eyes  
Rose high as heaven, in its secluded state  
The mighty verdant wall of Paradise.

And lo ! that stream, which early still and late  
He had tracked upward, issued bright and clear  
From underneath the angel-guarded gate.

—“ And who art thou that has adventured here,  
Daring to startle this serene abode  
With flash of mortal weapons, sword and spear ?”

So the angelic sentinel of God,  
Fire-flashing, to the bold invader cried,  
Whose feet profane those holy precincts trod.

The son of Philip without dread replied,—  
“ Is Alexander’s fame unknown to thee,  
Which the world knows—mine, who have victory tied  
  
“ To my sword’s hilt, and who, while stoop to me  
All other lands, would win what rich or fair  
This land contains, and have it mine in fee?”  
  
—“ Thou dost thyself proclaim that part or share  
Thou hast not here. O man of blood and sin,  
Go back—with those blood-stainèd hands despair  
  
“ This place of love and holy peace to win:  
This is the gate of righteousness, and they,  
The righteous, only here may enter in.”  
  
Around, before him, lightnings dart and play:  
He undismayed—“ Of travail long and hard  
At least some trophy let me bear away.”  
  
—“ Lo! then this skull—which if thou wilt regard,  
And to my question seek the fit reply,  
All thy long labours shall have full reward.  
  
“ Once in that hollow circle lodged an eye,  
That was, like thine, for ever coveting,  
Which worlds on worlds had failed to satisfy.  
  
“ Now, while thou gazest on that ghastly ring,  
From whence of old a greedy eye outspied,  
Say thou what was it,—for there was a thing,—

“ Which filled at last and thoroughly satisfied  
The eye that in that hollow circle dwelt,  
So that, ‘ Enough, I have enough,’ it cried.”

—Blank disappointment at the gift he felt,  
And hardly taking, turned in scorn away,  
Nor he the riddle of the Angel spelt,

But cried unto his captains,—“ We delay,  
And at these portals lose our time in vain,  
By more than mortal terrors kept at bay :

“ Come—other lands as goodly spoils contain,  
Come—all too long untouched the Indian gold,  
The pearls and spice of Araby remain.

“ Come, and who will this riddle may unfold.”  
Then stood before him, careless of his ire,  
An Indian sage, who rendered answer bold—

“ Lord of the world, commanded to inquire  
What was it that could satisfy an eye,  
That organ of man’s measureless desire—

“ By deed and word *thou* plainly dost reply,  
That its desire can nothing tame or quell,  
That it can never know sufficiency.

“ While thou enlargest thy desire as hell,  
Filling thine hand, but filling not thy lust,  
Thou dost proclaim man’s eye insatiable:

“ Such answer from thy lips were only just.  
Yet 'twas not so. One came at last, who threw  
Into yon face an heap of vilest dust,

“ Whereof a few small grains did fall into  
And filled the orb and hollow of that eye,  
When that which suffisance not ever knew  
Before, was fain, ‘ I have enough,’ to cry.”

## CHIDHER'S WELL.

Or Chidher's Well, the Eastern λουτρὸν παλιγγενεσίας, Von Hammer, in the very interesting introduction to his *History of Persian Poetry*, gives a good account. Among other things he says, "Contemporary with Moses lived the Prophet Chiser, of whom some hold that he is the same with Elias, while others altogether distinguish them. He is one of the chief personages of Eastern mythology, the ever-ready helper of the oppressed, the Genius of spring, the deliverer in peril, the admonisher of princes, the avenger of unrighteousness, the guide through the wilderness of the world, and, finally, the ever-youthful guardian of the fountain of life. As such he revives the youth of men and beasts and plants, gives back lost beauty, and in spring arrays the dead earth with its fresh garments of green. His fountain bestows on whosoever drinks it eternal beauty, youth, and wisdom. What wonder then that all mortals with burning desire seek it, though as yet not one, not even Alexander, the conqueror of the world, who, in quest of it, undertook an expedition into the land of darkness, has found it!" Probably this, his journey through the land of darkness, is but a mythic form of his expedition through the Libyan desert to the temple of Jupiter Ammon.

On this poem I may observe, that it is the first of several in the volume written with an arrangement of rhyme hardly familiar to the English reader, which yet is that of a great part, as I believe, of the lyric poetry of the East, and which may not, perhaps, be unworthy of a place among us. According to the laws of the Ghazel,—for poems in this metre are so entitled,—the two first lines must rhyme, and then this rhyme repeats itself in the second line of each succeeding couplet, which is, in fact, a new stanza, till the end of the poem,—the termination of the first line in each of these following

couplets being left free. This single rule of the one repeated rhyme being observed, the Ghazel admits otherwise of the greatest possible variety; it may be composed, as is this present, in short trochaics, in longer or shorter iambics, or, in fact, in lines of whatsoever length or arrangement of syllables the poet will. In Germany, the Ghazel has been perfectly domesticated. Rückert and Count Platen are, I believe, considered to have cultivated it with the greatest success.

## I.

**T**HREE have thousands sought in vain  
Over land and barren main,

## II.

Chidher's well,—of which men say,  
That thou makest young again;

## III.

Fountain of eternal youth,  
Washing free from every stain.

## IV.

To thy waves the agèd moons  
Aye betake them, when they wane;

## V.

And the suns their golden light,  
While they bathe in thee, retain.

## VI.

From that fountain drops are flung,  
Mingling with the vernal rain,

## VII.

And the old earth clothes itself  
In its young attire again.

## VIII.

Thitherward the freckled trout  
Up the water-courses strain,

## IX.

And the timid wild gazelles  
Seek it through the desert plain.

## X.

Great Iskander,\* mighty lord,  
Sought that fountain, but in vain ;

## XI.

Through the land of darkness went  
In its quest with fruitless pain,

## XII.

When by wealth of conquered worlds  
Did his thirst unslaked remain.

## XIII.

Many more with parchèd lip  
Must lie down and dizzy brain,

## XIV.

And of that, a fountain sealed  
Unto them, in death complain.

## XV.

If its springs to thee are known,  
Weary wanderer, tell me plain.

\* Alexander.

## XVI.

From beneath the throne of God  
It must well, a lucid vein.<sup>1</sup>

## XVII.

To its sources lead me, Lord,  
That I do not thirst again,

## XVIII.

And my lips not any more  
Shall the earth's dark waters stain.

## THE BANISHED KINGS.

IN the first edition of these *Poems* I expressed myself unacquainted with the source from which this story was derived, and did not trace it up higher than Rückert's *Brahmanische Erzählungen*, p. 5; on the model of whose poem my own, without pretending to be an accurate translation, was yet closely formed. It owns, I believe, an higher antiquity even than the beautiful Greek romance of the seventh or eighth century, *Barlaam and Josaphat*, often ascribed, but on no sufficient grounds, to John of Damascus; but, at any rate, it is one of the many exquisite moral tales and apogues with which that work is adorned.

ON a fair ship, borne swiftly o'er the deep,  
A man was lying, wrapt in dreamless sleep;  
When unawares upon a sunken rock  
That vessel struck, and shattered with the shock.  
But strange! the plank where lay the sleeper bore  
Him wrapt in deep sleep ever, to the shore:  
It bore him safely through the foam and spray,  
High up on land, where couched 'mid flowers he lay.  
Sweet tones first woke him from his sleep, when round  
His couch observant multitudes he found:

All hailed him then, and did before him bow,  
And with one voice exclaimed,—“Our King art thou.”  
With jubilant applause they bore him on,  
And set him wondering on a royal throne:  
And some his limbs with royal robes arrayed,  
And some before him duteous homage paid,  
And some brought gifts, all rare and costly things,  
Nature’s and Art’s profusest offerings:  
Around him counsellors and servants prest,  
All eager to accomplish his behest.  
Wish unaccomplished of his soul was none;  
The thing that he commanded, it was done.

Much he rejoiced, and he had well-nigh now  
Forgotten whence he hither came, and how;  
Until at eve, of homage weary grown,  
He craved a season to be left alone.  
Alone in hall magnificent he sate,  
And mused upon the wonder of his fate,  
When lo! an aged counsellor, a seer,  
Before unnoticed, to the King drew near;  
—“And thee would I too gratulate, my son,  
Who hast thy reign in happy hour begun:  
Seen hast thou the beginning,—yet attend,  
While I shall also show to thee the end.  
That this new fortune do not blind thee quite,  
Both sides regard, its darker as its bright:

Heed what so many, who have ruled before,  
Failing to heed, now rue for evermore.  
Though sure thy state and strong thy throne appear,  
King only art thou for a season here ;  
A time is fixed, albeit unknown to thee,  
Which when it comes, thou banished hence shalt be.  
Round this fair world, though hidden from the eye  
By mist and vapour, many islands lie :  
Bare are their coasts, and dreary and forlorn,  
And unto them the banished kings are borne ;  
On each of these an exiled king doth mourn.  
For when a new king comes, they bear away  
The old, whom now no vassals more obey ;  
Stripped of his royalties and glories lent,  
Unhonoured and unwilling he is sent  
Unto his dreary island banishment,  
While all who girt his throne with service true,  
Now fall away from him, to serve the new.  
What I have told thee, lay betimes to heart,  
And ere thy rule is ended, take thy part,  
That thou hereafter on thine isle forlorn  
Do not thy vanished kingdom vainly mourn,  
When nothing of its pomp to thee remains  
On that bare shore, save only memory's pains.

“ Much, O my Prince ! my words have thee distrest,  
Thy head has sunk in sorrow on thy breast ;

Yet idle sorrow helps not—I will show  
A nobler way, which shall true help bestow.  
This counsel take—to others given in vain,  
While no belief from them my words might gain.  
Know then, whilst thou art Monarch here, there stand  
Helps for the future many at command;  
Then, while thou canst, employ them to adorn  
That island whither thou must once be borne.  
Unbuilt and waste and barren now that strand,  
There gush no fountains from the thirsty sand,  
No groves of palm-trees have been planted there,  
Nor plants of odorous scent embalm that air;  
While all alike have shunned to contemplate  
That they should ever change their flattering state.  
But make thou there provision of delight,  
Till that which now so threatens, may invite;  
Bid there thy servants build up royal towers,  
And change its barren sands to leafy bowers;  
Bid fountains there be hewn, and cause to bloom  
Immortal amaranths, shedding rich perfume.  
So when the world, which speaks thee now so fair,  
And flatters so, again shall strip thee bare,  
And drive thee naked forth in harshest wise,  
Thou joyfully wilt seek thy paradise.  
*There* will not vex thee memories of the past,  
While hope will heighten here the joys thou hast.  
This do, while yet the power is in thine hand,  
While thou hast helps so many at command."

Then raised the Prince his head with courage new,  
And what the Sage advised, prepared to do.  
He ruled his realm with meekness, and meanwhile  
He marvellously decked the chosen isle ;  
Bade there his servants build up royal towers,  
And change its barren sands to leafy bowers ;  
Bade fountains there be hewn, and caused to bloom  
Immortal amaranths, shedding rich perfume.  
And when he long enough had kept his throne,  
To him sweet odours from that isle were blown :  
Then knew he that its gardens blooming were,  
And all the yearnings of his soul were there.  
Grief was it not to him, but joy, when they  
His crown and sceptre bade him quit one day ;  
When him his servants rudely did dismiss,  
'Twas not the sentence of his ended bliss,  
But pomp and power he cheerfully forsook,  
And to his isle a willing journey took,  
And found diviner pleasure on that shore,  
Than all, his proudest state had known before.

THE

BALLADS OF HAROUN AL RASCHID.

---

I.

THE SPILT PEARLS.

THOLUCK has translated this story in his *Blüthensammlung aus der Morgenländischen Mystik*, p. 339, from the *Bustan* of Saadi.

I.

HIS courtiers of the Caliph crave—  
“Oh, say how this may be,  
That of thy slaves, this Ethiop slave  
Is best beloved by thee ?

II.

“ For he is hideous as the night :  
Yet when has ever chose  
A nightingale for its delight  
A hueless scentless rose ? ”

## III.

The Caliph then—“ No features fair  
Nor comely mien are his :  
Love is the beauty he doth wear,  
And Love his glory is.

## IV.

“ Once when a camel of my train  
There fell in narrow street,  
From broken casket rolled amain  
Rich pearls before my feet.

## V.

“ I nodding to my slaves, that I  
Would freely give them these,  
At once upon the spoil they fly,  
The costly boon to seize.

## VI.

“ One only at my side remained—  
Beside this Ethiop, none :  
He, moveless as the steed he reined,  
Behind me sat alone.

## VII.

“ ‘ What will thy gain, good fellow, be,  
Thus lingering at my side ? ’—  
—‘ My King, that I shall faithfully  
Have guarded thee,’ he cried.

## VIII.

“ ‘True servant’s title he may wear,  
He only, who has not,  
For his lord’s gifts, how rich soe’er,  
His lord himself forgot !’ ”

## IX.

—So thou alone dost walk before  
Thy God with perfect aim,  
From Him desiring nothing more  
Beside Himself to claim.

## X.

For if thou not to Him aspire,  
But to his gifts alone,  
Not Love, but covetous desire,  
Has brought thee to his throne.

## XI.

While such thy prayer, it climbs above  
In vain—the golden key  
Of God’s rich treasure-house of love,  
Thine own will never be.

## II.

## THE BARMECIDES.

THE anecdote on which this poem is founded is related by Sylvestre de Sacy, in the *Chrestomathie Arabe*, v. 2; see also D'Herbelot's *Bibliothèque Orientale*, art. Barmekian.

HAROUN the Just!—yet once that name  
Of Just the ruler ill became,  
By whose too hasty sentence died  
The royal-hearted Barmecide.  
O Barmecide, of hand and heart  
So prompt, so forward to impart,  
Of bounty so unchecked and free,  
That once a Poet sung, how he  
Would fear thy very hand to touch,  
Lest he should learn to give too much,  
Lest, catching the contagion thence  
Of thy unmatched munificence,  
A beggar he should soon remain,  
Helpless his bounty to restrain—  
O Barmecide of royal heart,  
My childhood's tears again will start  
Into mine eyes, the tears I shed,  
As I remember, when I read  
Of harsh injustice done to thee,  
And all thy princely family.

—What marvel that the Caliph, stung  
With secret consciousness of wrong,  
Or now desiring every trace  
Of that large bounty to efface,  
With penalty of death forbade  
That mourning should for them be made ;  
That any should with grateful song  
Their memory in men's hearts prolong ?  
—“ And who art thou, that day by day  
Hast dared my mandate disobey ?  
Who art thou whom my guards have found,  
Now standing on some grass-grown mound,  
Now wandering 'mid the ruined towers,  
Fall'n palaces, and wasted bowers  
Of those at length for traitors known,  
And by my justice overthrown—  
Singing a plaintive dirge for them  
Whom my just vengeance did condemn ;  
Till ever, as I learn, around  
Thy steps a listening crowd is found,  
Who still unto thy sad lament  
Do with their sobs and tears consent ;  
While in the bosom of that throng  
Rise thoughts that do their Monarch wrong ?  
What doom I did for this assign  
Thou knewest, and that doom is thine.”

But then the offender :—“ Give me room,  
And I will gladly take my doom,

O King, to spend my latest breath,  
Ere I am borne unto my death,  
In telling for what highest grace  
I was beholden to that race,  
Whose memory my heart hath kept,  
Whose wasted glories I have wept.  
For then, at least, it will appear  
That not in disobedience mere  
Thy mandate high I overpast.  
—O King, I was the least and last  
Of all the servitors of him,  
Whose glory in thy frown grew dim,—  
The least and last—yet he one day  
To me, his meanest slave, did say  
That he was fain my guest to be,  
And the next day would sup with me.  
More time I willingly had craved,  
But my excuses all he waved,  
And by no train accompanied,  
His two sons only at his side,  
At my poor lodging lighted down,  
Which at the limits of the town  
Stood in a close and narrow street.  
Him I and mine did humbly greet,  
Standing before him while he shared  
What we meanwhile had best prepared  
Of entertainment, though the best  
Was poor and mean for such a guest.

But supper done, with cheerful mien,  
‘ Thy house,’ he cried, ‘ I have not seen,  
Thy gardens;—let me pace awhile  
Along some cool and shadowy aisle.’  
I thought he mocked me, but replied,  
‘ Possessions have I not so wide:  
For house, another room with this  
Our only habitation is;  
And garden have I none to show,  
Unless that narrow court below,  
Shut in with lofty walls, that name  
In right of four dwarf shrubs may claim.’  
—‘ Nay, nay,’ he answered, ‘ there is more,  
If only we could find the door.’  
Again I told him, but in vain,  
That he had seen my whole domain.  
—‘ Nay, go then quick, a mason call.’  
Him bade he straightway pierce the wall.  
—‘ But shall we in this wise invade  
A neighbour’s house?’—No heed he paid,  
And I stood dumb, and wondering  
Whereto he would the issue bring.  
Anon he through the opening past,  
He and his sons, and I the last;  
When suddenly myself I found  
In ample space of garden ground,  
Or rather in a Paradise  
Of rare and wonderful device,

With stately walks and alleys wide,  
Far stretching upon every side ;  
And streams, upon whose either bank  
Stood lofty platanes, rank by rank,  
And marble fountains, scattering high  
Illumined dew-drops in the sky ;  
And making a low tinkling sound,  
As sliding down from mound to mound,  
They did at last their courses take  
Down to a calm and lucid lake,  
By which, on gently sloping height,  
There stood a palace of delight ;  
And many slaves, but all of rare  
And perfect beauty, marshalled there,  
Did each to me incline the knee,  
Exclaiming all—‘ Thy servants we.’

“ And then my lord cried laughing—‘ Nay,  
When this is thine, how couldst thou say  
That thou had’st shown me all before ?  
Thine is it all.’—He said no more,  
But at my benefactor’s feet  
I falling, thanks would render meet.  
He, scarcely listening, turned his head,  
And to his eldest son he said :  
‘ This house, these gardens, ’twere in vain,  
Unless enabled to maintain,  
That he should call them his ;—my son,  
Let us not leave this grace half done :’

Who then replied—‘ My farms beyond  
The Tigris I by sealèd bond  
This night before we part, will see  
Made over unto him in fee.’  
—‘ ‘Tis well; but there will months ensue,  
Ere his incomings will be due.  
What shall there, the meanwhile, be done?’  
He turned unto his younger son,  
Who answered—‘ I will bid that gold,  
Ten thousand pieces, shall be told  
Unto his steward presently;  
These shall his urgent needs supply.’  
‘Twas done upon that very eve;  
And done, anon they took their leave,  
And left me free to contemplate  
The wonders of my novel state.

“ Prince of the Faithful, mighty King,  
My fortunes from this source had spring,  
Which, if they since that time have grown,  
Him their first author still they own.  
Nor when that name, which *was* the praise  
Of all the world, on evil days  
Had fall’n, was I content to let  
Be quite forgotten the large debt  
I owed to him;—content to die,  
If such shall be thy pleasure high,  
And my offence shall seem to thee  
Deserving of such penalty.”

What marvel that the King who heard  
Was in his inmost bosom stirred ?  
What marvel that he owned the force  
Of late regret and vain remorse ?  
That spreading palm, whose boughs had made,  
Far stretching, such an ample shade  
For many a wanderer through life's waste,  
He had hewn down in guilty haste ;  
That fountain free, that springing well  
Of goodness inexhaustible,  
His hand had stopped it, ne'er again  
To slake the thirst of weary men ;  
That genial sun, which evermore  
Did on a cold chill world outpour  
Its rays of love and life and light,  
'Twas he who quenched in darkest night.  
What marvel that he owned the force  
Of late regret and vain remorse,  
And (all he could) now freely gave  
The life the other did not crave ?  
Nay more, the offender did dismiss  
With gifts and praise ; nor only this,  
But did the unrighteous law reverse,  
Which had forbidden to rehearse,  
And in the minds of men prolong,  
By grateful speech or plaintive song,  
The bounteous acts and graces wide,  
And goodness of the Barmecide.

## III.

## THE FESTIVAL.

See Sylvestre de Sacy's *Chrestomathie Arabe*, v. 2, p. 3.

## I.

FIVE hundred princely guests before  
Haroun Al-Raschid sate :  
Five hundred princely guests or more  
Admired his royal state :

## II.

For never had that glory been  
So royally displayed,  
Nor ever such a gorgeous scene  
Had eye of man surveyed.

## III.

He, most times meek of heart, yet now  
Of spirit too elate,  
Exclaimed—“ Before me Cæsars bow,  
On me two empires wait.

## IV.

“ Yet all our glories something lack,  
We do our triumphs wrong,  
Until to us reflected back  
In mirrors clear of song.

## V.

“ Call him then, unto whom this power  
Is given, this skill sublime—  
Now win from us some gorgeous dower  
With song that fits the time.”

## VI.

—“ My King, as I behold thee now,  
May I behold thee still,  
While prostrate worlds before thee bow,  
And wait upon thy will !

## VII.

“ May evermore this clear pure heaven,  
Whence every speck and stain  
Of trouble far away is driven,  
Above thy head remain !”

## VIII.

The Caliph cried—“ Thou wishest well ;  
There waits thee golden store  
For this—but, oh ! resume the spell,  
I fain would listen more.”

## IX.

—“ Drink thou life’s sweetest goblet up,  
O King, and may its wine,  
For others’ lips a mingled cup,  
Be all unmixed for thine.

## X.

“ Live long—the shadow of no grief  
Come ever near to thee :  
As thou in height of place art chief,  
So chief in gladness be.”

## XI.

Haroun Al Raschid cried again—  
“ I thank thee—but proceed,  
And now take up an higher strain,  
And win an higher meed.”

## XII.

Around that high magnific hall,  
One glance the poet threw  
On courtiers, king, and festival,  
And did the strain renew.

## XIII.

—“ And yet, and yet—shalt thou at last  
Lie stretched on bed of death :  
Then, when thou drawest thick and fast  
With sobs thy painful breath—

## xiv.

“ When Azrael glides through guarded gate,  
Through hosts that camp around  
Their lord in vain—and will not wait,  
When thou art sadly bound

## xv.

“ Unto thine house of dust alone,  
O King, when thou must die,—  
This pomp a shadow thou shalt own,  
This glory all a lie.”

## xvi.

Then darkness on all faces hung,  
And through the banquet went  
Low sounds the murmuring guests among  
Of angry discontent ;

## xvii.

And him anon they fiercely urge—  
“ What guerdon shall be thine ?  
What does it, this untimely dirge,  
'Mid feasts, and flowers, and wine ?

## xviii.

“ Our lord demanded in his mirth  
A strain to heighten glee ;  
But, lo ! at thine his tears come forth  
In current swift and free.”

## XIX.

—“ Peace—not to him rebukes belong,  
But rather highest grace ;  
He gave me what I asked, a song  
To fit the time and place.”

## XX.

All voices at that voice were stilled ;  
Again the Caliph cried,—  
“ He saw our mouths with laughter filled,  
He saw us drunk with pride ;

## XXI.

“ And bade us know that every road,  
By monarch trod or slave,  
Thick set with thorns, with roses strowed,  
Doth issue in the grave.”

## THE EASTERN NARCISSUS.

IN the attempt made by the Neo-Platonists to put a new life into the old Grecian mythology, Narcissus falling in love with his own image in the water-brook was made the symbol of man casting himself forth into the world of shows and appearances, and expecting to find the good that would answer to his nature there, but indeed finding nothing but disappointment and death.—The fable is Feridoddin Attar's, who, born in 1216, perished in the invasion of Dschengischan at the beginning of the next century. The account of the manner in which he was converted to the life of contemplative piety is remarkable. He was originally a rich merchant of spices. A pious dervisch entered his warehouse and craved an alms. Ferid bade him to be gone. The dervisch answered, "That can I do easily, for I possess nothing save my hood; but thou, with so many heavy sacks, how wilt thou contrive to be gone, when the hour of thy departure has arrived?" These words made so deep an impression on Ferid, that, from that moment, he gave up his worldly strivings, and dedicated himself to the spiritual life.

THOU art the fox, O man, that, maugre all  
His cunning, did into the water fall.  
This fox was travelling once o'er hill and dell,  
And reached at length the margin of a well ;  
His head he stooped into the well, when, lo !  
Another fox did in the water show.  
He winks, he nods—the other fox replies :  
“ What, ho ! we must be better friends,” he cries ;

And more acquaintance covetous to win,  
Without a thought jumped Reynard headlong in.  
He reached the bottom at a single bound,  
But there no fox beside himself he found.  
Upward again he now would gladly spring,  
But to ascend was no such easy thing :  
He splashes, struggles, and in sad voice cries,  
“ Fool that I was ! I deemed myself more wise.  
Ah wretch ! will no one come unto my aid ? ”—  
But prayer and effort both were vainly made :  
Soon did the water drag him down to death ;  
With a last cry he sank the waves beneath.

Thou art the fox of which the fable tells—  
This world of sense the devil’s well of wells :  
Thou saw’st reflected thine own image there,  
And didst plunge headlong in without a care :  
Oh happy ! if thou struggle back to day,  
Ere the strong whirlpool drags thee down for aye.

## THE SEASONS.

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### I.

#### WINTER.

### I.

WHITE ermine now the mountains wear,  
To shield their naked shoulders bare.

### II.

The dark pine wears the snow, as head  
Of Æthiop doth white turban wear.

### III.

The floods are armed with silver shields,  
Through which the Sun's sword cannot fare;

### IV.

For he who in the mid heaven rode,  
In golden arms, on golden chair,

### V.

Now through small corner of the sky  
Creeps low, nor warms the foggy air.

### VI.

To mutter 'twixt their teeth the streams,  
In icy fetters, scarcely dare.

## VII.

Hushed is the busy hum of life;  
'Tis silence in the earth and air.

## VIII.

From mountains issues the gaunt wolf,  
And from its forest depths the bear.

## IX.

Where is the garden's beauty now?  
The thorn is here; the rose, oh where?

## X.

The trees, like giant skeletons,  
Wave high their fleshless arms and bare;

## XI.

Or stand like wrestlers stripped and bold,  
And strongest winds to battle dare.

## XII.

It seems a thing impossible  
That earth its glories should repair;

## XIII.

That ever this bleak world again  
Should bright and beauteous mantle wear,

## XIV.

Or sounds of life again be heard  
In this dull earth and vacant air.

## II.

## SPRING.

## I.

Who was it that so lately said,  
All pulses in thine heart were dead,

## II.

Old Earth, that now in festal robes  
Appearest, as a bride new wed?

## III.

Oh wrapt so late in winding-sheet,  
Thy winding-sheet, oh! where is fled?

## IV.

Lo! 'tis an emerald carpet now,  
Where the young monarch, Spring, may tread.

## V.

He comes,—and, a defeated king,  
Old Winter, to the hills is fled.

## VI.

The warm wind broke his frosty spear,  
And loosed the helmet from his head;

## VII.

And he weak showers of arrowy sleet  
For his strongholds has vainly sped.

## VIII.

All that was sleeping is awake,  
And all is living that was dead.

## IX.

Who listens now, can hear the streams  
Leap tinkling down their pebbly bed,

## X.

Or see them, from their fetters free,  
Like silver snakes the meadows thread.

## XI.

The joy, the life, the hope of earth,  
They slept awhile, they were not dead :

## XII.

Oh thou who say'st thy sere heart ne'er  
With verdure can again be spread ;

## XIII.

Oh thou who mournest them that sleep,  
Low lying in an earthy bed ;

## XIV.

Look out on this reviving world,  
And be new hopes within thee bred.

## III.

## SUMMER.

## I.

Now seems all nature to conspire,  
As to dissolve the world in fire,

## II.

Which dies among its odorous sweets,  
A Phœnix on its funeral pyre.

## III.

Simoom breathes hotly from the waste,  
The green earth quits its green attire;

## IV.

Floats o'er the plain the liquid heat,  
Cheating the traveller's fond desire—

## V.

Illusion fair of lake and stream,  
Receding as he draweth nigher.

## VI.

Ice is more precious now than gold,  
Snow more than silver men desire.

## VII.

'Tis far to seek unfailing wells  
For tender maid or aged sire;

## VIII.

Men know the worth of water now,  
And learn to prize God's blessing higher;

## IX.

The shallow pools have disappeared,  
Caked into iron is the mire.

## X.

Through clouds of dust the crimson sun  
Glares on the earth in lurid ire;

## XI.

The parchèd earth with thirsty lips  
Is gasping, ready to expire.

## XII.

Oh happy, who by liquid streams  
In shady gardens can retire,

## XIII.

Where murmuring falls and whispering trees  
Sweet slumber to invite conspire;

## XIV.

Or where he may deceive the time  
With volume sage, or pensive lyre.

## IV.

## AUTUMN.

## I.

THINE, Autumn, is unwelcome lore—  
To tell the world its pomp is o'er:

## II.

To whisper in the rose's ear,  
That all her beauty is no more;

## III.

And bid her own the faith how vain,  
Which Spring to her so lately swore.

## IV.

A queen deposed, she quits her state;  
The nightingales her fall deplore:

## V.

The hundred-voicèd bird may woo  
The thousand-leavèd flower no more.

## VI.

The jasmine sinks its head in shame,  
The sharp east wind its tresses shore;

## VII.

And robbed in passing cruelly  
The tulip of the crown it wore.

## VIII.

The lily's sword is broken now,  
That was so bright and keen before ;

## IX.

And not a blast can blow, but strews  
With leaf of gold the earth's dank floor.

## X.

The piping winds sing Nature's dirge,  
As through the forest bleak they roar,

## XI.

Whose leafy screen, like locks of eld,  
Each day shows scantier than before.

## XII.

Thou fadest as a flower, O man !  
Of food for musing here is store.

## XIII.

O man ! thou fallest as a leaf :  
Pace thoughtfully earth's leaf-strewn floor ;

## XIV.

Welcome the sadness of the time,  
And lay to heart this natural lore.

## MOSES AND JETHRO.

THIS story is one among the many remarkable extracts which Tholuck, in his *Blüthensammlung aus der Morgenländischen Mystik*, has given (p. 128) from the poems of the chief among the mystical writers of Persia, Dschelaleddin Rumi. In his treating of the subject, however, that indifference to all positive religion, and all fixed forms and outlines of truth, which is the very essence of the Mystic, comes so strongly out, that I have been obliged to write the story anew, seeking to bring out that which is really its valuable part—that truth which a great Christian writer expressed when he said: *Sæpe amor intrat, ubi scientia foris stat.*

WHEN Moses once on Horeb's rocky steep,  
A banished man, was keeping Jethro's sheep,  
What time his flocks along the hills and dells  
Made music with their bleatings and their bells,  
He by the thoughts that stirred within him, drawn  
Deep in the mountain, heard at early dawn  
One who in prayer did all his soul outpour,  
With deep heart-earnestness, but nothing more.  
For strange his words were, savage and uncouth,  
And little did he know in very sooth  
Of that great Lord, to whom his vows were made.  
The other for a moment listening staid,  
Until—his patience altogether spent—  
“Good friend, for whom are these same noises meant ?

For Him who dwells on high ? this babbling vain,  
Which vexes even a mortal ear with pain ?  
Oh, peace ! this is not God to praise, but blame ;  
Unmannerly applause brings only shame :  
Oh, stop thy mouth ; thou dost but heap up sin,  
Such prayer as this can no acceptance win,  
But were enough to make God's blessings cease."  
Rebuked, the simple herdsman held his peace,  
And only crying—"Thou hast rent my heart,"  
He fled into the desert far apart :  
While with himself, and with his zeal content,  
His steps the son of Amram homeward bent,  
And ever to himself applauds lent—  
Much wondering that he did not find the same  
From his adopted sire, but rather blame,  
Who having heard, replied—

" Was this well done ?  
What wouldst thou have to answer, O my son,  
If God should say in anger unto thee—  
' Why hast thou driven my worshipper from me ?  
Why hast thou robbed me of my dues of prayer ?  
Well pleasing offering in my sight they were,  
And music in mine ears, if not in thine.'  
He doth its bounds to every soul assign,  
Its voice, its language—using which to tell  
His praise, He counts that it doth praise Him well ;

And when there is a knocking at heav'n's gate,  
And at its threshold many suppliants wait,  
Then simple Love will often enter in,  
Where haughty Science may no entrance win.  
That poor man's words were rougher husks than thine,  
Which yet might hold a kernel more divine,  
Rude vessel guarding a more precious wine.  
*All* prayer is childlike; falls as short of **HIM**  
The wisdom of the wisest Seraphim,  
As the child's small conceit of heavenly things;  
A line to sound his depths no creature brings.  
Before the Infinite, the One, the All,  
Must every difference disappear and fall,  
There is no wise nor simple, great nor small.  
For Him the little clod of common earth  
Has to the diamond no inferior worth;  
Nor doth the Ocean, world-encompassing,  
Unto his thought more sense of vastness bring  
Than tiny dewdrop; atoms in his eye  
A sun, and a sun-mote, dance equally:  
Not that the great (here understand aright)  
Is worthless as the little in his sight,  
Rather the little precious as the great,  
And, pondered in his scales, of equal weight:  
So that herein lies comfort—not despair,  
As though we were too little for his care.  
God is so great, there can be nothing small  
To **HIM**—so loving He embraces all,—

So wise, the wisdom and simplicity  
Of man for Him must on a level be:  
But being this, more prompt to feel the wrong,  
And to resent it with displeasure strong,  
When from Him there is rudely, proudly turned  
The meanest soul that loved Him, and that yearned  
After his grace—oh, haste then and begone,  
Rebuild the altar thou hast overthrown;  
Replace the offering which on that did stand,  
Till rudely scattered by thy hasty hand—  
Removing, if thou canst, what made it rise  
A faulty and imperfect sacrifice:  
And henceforth, in this gloomy world and dark,  
Prize every taper yielding faintest spark,  
And if perchance it burn not clear and bright,  
Snuff, if thou canst, but do not quench it quite."

## PROVERBS,

### TURKISH AND PERSIAN.

I.

SECTS seventy-two, they say, the world infest,  
And each and all lie hidden in thy breast.

II.

Moses' one staff, so slight as it appears,  
Aye breaks in shivers Pharaoh's thousand spears.

III.

Forget not Death, O man! for thou may'st be  
Of one thing certain,—he forgets not thee.

IV.

The world's a tavern, where to-night men swill;  
To-morrow brings the head-ache and the bill.

V.

Speaks one of good which falls not to thy lot,  
He also speaks of ill which thou hast not.

VI.

Boast not thy service rendered to the King;  
'Tis grace enough he lets thee service bring.

## VII.

Lies once thy cart in quagmire overthrown,  
Thy path to thee by thousands will be shown.

## VIII.

Oh square thyself for use: a stone that may  
Fit in the wall, is left not in the way.

## IX.

Never the game has happy issue won,  
Which with the cotton has the fire begun.

## X.

The sandal tree, most sacred tree of all,  
Perfumes the very axe which bids it fall.

## XI.

Who doth the raven for a guide invite,  
Must marvel not on carcases to light.

## XII.

Each man has more of four things than he knows ;  
What four are these?—sins, debts, and years, and foes.

## XIII.

The king but with one apple maketh free,  
And straight his servants have cut down the tree.

## XIV.

Two friends will in a needle's eye repose,  
But the whole world is narrow for two foes.

## xv.

Rejoice not when thine enemy doth die,  
*Thou* hast not won immortal life thereby.

## xvi.

Be bold to bring forth fruit, though stick and stone  
 At the fruit-bearing trees are flung alone.

## xvii.

This world is like a carcase in the way ;  
 Who eagerly throng round it, dogs are they.

## xviii.

While in thy lips thy words thou dost confine,  
 Thou art their lord ; once uttered, they are thine.

## xix.

Oh seize the instant time ; you never will  
 With waters once passed by impel the mill.

## xx.

Boldly thy bread upon the waters throw,  
 And if the fishes do not, God will know.

## xxi.

What will not time and toil ?—by these a worm  
 Will into silk a mulberry leaf transform.

## xxii.

There is no ointment for the wolf's sore eyes,  
 Like clouds of dust which from the sheep arise.

## xxiii.

When what thou willest has befall'n not, still  
This help remains, what has befall'n to will.

## xxiv.

Enquire not if thy soul be foul or fair,  
But if tow'rd God its efforts striving are.

## xxv.

The lily with ten tongues can hold its peace ;  
Wilt thou with one from babbling never cease ?

## xxvi.

How shall the praise of silence best be told ?  
To speak is silver, to hold peace is gold.

## xxvii.

Thy word unspoken thou canst any day  
Speak, but thy spoken ne'er again unsay.

## xxviii.

The world's great wheel in silence circles round,  
An housewife's spindle with unceasing sound.

## xxix.

O babbler, couldst thou but the cause divine,  
Why one tongue only, but two ears are thine !

## xxx.

What mystic roses in thy breast will blow,  
If on the wind their leaves thou straightway strow ?

## THANKFULNESS.

THE good that one man flings aside,  
Which in his discontent and pride  
He treads on, and rejects no less  
Out of his count of happiness,  
Another wiser, even from this  
Will build an edifice of bliss,  
For whose fair shelter he will pay  
Glad offerings of praise alway.

This truth a Sage had need to learn,  
This we may by his aid discern—  
Who once, reduced to last distress,  
Was culling a few herbs to dress,  
With these his hunger to allay ;  
And flinging, as he went his way,  
The coarse and outer leaves aside,  
With rising discontent he cried,  
“ I marvel, if at all there be  
A wretch so destitute as me  
The wide world over ? ”—This he said,  
And turning (not by chance) his head,  
Behind him saw another Sage,  
Whom a like office did engage,

Who followed with weak steps behind,  
Seeking, like him, a meal to find,  
But who, with anxious quest and pain,  
To gather up the leaves was fain,  
By him rejected with disdain.

Nor other lesson he would teach,  
The Poet in his Persian speech,\*  
Who tells how through the desert he  
Was toiling once, how painfully !  
While his unsandalled naked feet  
Were scorched and blistered by the heat  
Of fiery sands ; and harsh and hard  
He did his destiny regard ;  
And evil thoughts did in him stir,  
That he a faithful worshipper,  
A pilgrim to God's holy fane,  
Should such necessities sustain.  
Nor did a better mood succeed,  
With glad endurance of his need,  
Nor saw he what of sin was pent  
In murmuring heart and malcontent,  
Till entering a low chapel, there  
One prostrate on his face in prayer  
He marked, and unto him espied  
Not shoes alone, but feet denied.

\* Saadi in his *Gulistan*.

## L O V E.

I.

LOVE is it, Love divine, that hath an impulse lent  
To man, and beast, and worm, and every element.

II.

All riddles Love can solve, all mysteries unfold ;  
Ask what thou wilt, and Love the answer will present.

III.

I asked the circling heavens why they so swiftly moved :  
Round Love's eternal throne they ever wheeling went.

IV.

I asked the waves what made their murmurs never cease :  
Shall we in Love's great hymn with silence be content ?

V.

I asked the bickering fire when it would climb no more :  
When with the fire above in Love's communion blent.

VI.

Night asked I why she hung the world with darkness  
round :  
To consecrate the world for Love a bridal tent.

## VII.

I asked the westwind why it breathed so soft and warm :  
All roses to unfold for Love the westwind meant.

## VIII.

I sought for some escape from the labyrinth of Love ;  
And found my bliss was there to be for ever pent.

## IX.

O soul, that until now hast sullenly refused  
Thy portion in Love's joy, O sullen heart, relent ;

## X.

Oh ! see Love's mighty dance, oh ! hear its choral hymn ;  
Stand up—in dance and hymn to take thy part consent.

## THE FALCON.

I.

HIGH didst thou once in honour stand,  
The falcon on a Prince's hand :

II.

Thine eye, unhooded and unsealed,  
All depths of being pierced and scanned :

III.

All worlds of space from end to end  
Thy never-wearied pinion spanned.

IV.

O falcon of the spiritual heaven,  
Entangled in an earthly band,

V.

While all too eagerly thy prey  
Pursuing in a lower land,

VI.

In hope abide ;—thy Monarch yet  
For thy release shall give command,

VII.

And bid thee to resume again  
Thy place upon thy Monarch's hand.

## THE BREAKER OF IDOLS.

MAHMOUD, the great Mahomedan conqueror of India, reached, in his career of victory, Somnát, of which the gates have since become familiar to us—a temple of peculiar sanctity in the southern extremity of Guzerát. Having overcome all resistance, he entered the temple; “facing the entrance was Somnát—an idol five yards high, of which two were buried in the ground. Mahmoud instantly ordered the image to be destroyed; when the Bramins of the temple threw themselves before him, and offered an enormous ransom if he would spare their deity. . . . . Mahmoud, after a moment’s pause, declared that he would rather be remembered as the breaker than the seller of idols, and struck the image with his mace. His example was instantaneously followed, and the image, which was hollow, burst with the blows, and poured forth a quantity of diamonds and other jewels which amply repaid Mahmoud for the sacrifice of the ransom.”—Elphinstone’s *History of India*, v. i. p. 554.

L O! an hundred proud pagodas have the Moslem  
torches burned,  
Lo! a thousand monstrous idols Mahmoud’s zeal has  
overturned.

He from northern Ghuznee issuing, through the world  
one word doth bear,—  
“God is ONE; ye shall no other with the peerless One  
compare:”

Till in India's furthest corner he has reached the  
costliest shrine

Of the Bramins, idol-tending—which they hold the  
most divine.

Profits not the wild resistance ; stands the victor at the  
gate,

With this hugest idol's ruin all his work to consummate.

Forth in long procession streaming came the suppliant  
priests to meet—

Came with ransom and with homage the resistless one  
to greet.

Ransom huge of gold they offer, pearls of price and  
jewels rare,

Purchase of their idol's safety, this their dearest will he  
spare.

And there wanted not who counselled, that he should  
his hand withhold,

Should that single image suffer, and accept this needed  
gold.

But he rather,—“God has raised me, not to make a  
shameful gain,

Trafficking in hideous idols, with a service false and vain ;

But to count my work unfinished, till I sweep them  
from the world :

Stand, and see the thing ye sued for, by this hand to  
ruin hurled.”

High he reared his battle-axe, and heavily came down  
the blow :  
Reeled the abominable image, broken, bursten, to and  
fro ;

From its shattered side revealing pearls and diamonds,  
showers of gold ;  
More than all that proffered ransom, more than all an  
hundred fold.

Thou too, Heaven's commissioned warrior to cast down  
each idol throne  
In thy heart's profanèd temple, make this faithful deed  
thine own.

Still they plead and still they promise, wilt thou suffer  
them to stand,  
They have pleasures, gifts and treasures, to enrich thee  
at command.

Heed not thou, but boldly strike them ; let descend the  
faithful blow ;  
From their wreck and from their ruin first will thy  
true riches flow.

Thou shalt lose thy life, and find it ; thou shalt boldly  
cast it forth ;  
And then back again receiving, know it in its endless  
worth.

## LIFE THROUGH DEATH.

See Tholuck's *Blüthensammlung aus der Morgenländischen Mystik*, p. 69.

### I.

A PAGAN king tormented fiercely all,  
Who would not on his senseless idols call,  
Nor worship them:—and him were brought before  
A mother and her child, with many more.  
The child, fast bound, was flung into the flame,  
Her faith the mother did in fear disclaim:  
But when she cried—“ O sweetest, live as I,”  
He answered—“ Mother dear, I do not die;  
Come, mother, bliss of heaven is here my gain,  
Although I seem to you in fiery pain.  
This fire serves only for your eyes to cheat,  
Like Jesus' breath of balm 'tis cool and sweet.\*  
Come, learn what riches with our God are stored,  
And how He feeds me at the angelic board.

\* The Mahomedans believe that in the *breath* of Christ the healing virtue lay, by which his miraculous cures were effected.

Come, prove this fire ; like water-floods it cools,  
While your world's water burns like sulphur pools.  
Come, Abraham's secret, when he found alone  
Sweet roses in the furnace, here is known.\*  
Into a world of death thou barest me,  
O mother, death, not life, I owed to thee.  
Fair world I deemed it once of glorious pride,  
Till in this furnace I was deified ;  
But now I know it for a dungeon-tomb,  
Since God has brought me into larger room.  
Oh ! now at length I live : from my pure heaven  
Each cloud, that stained it once, away is driven :  
Come, mother, come, and with thee many bring ;  
Cry, ' Here is spread the banquet of the King ;'  
Come, all ye faithful, come, and dare to prove  
The bitter-sweet, the pain and bliss of love."

So cried the child unto that crowd of men ;  
All hearts with fiery longings kindled then ;  
Toward the pile they headlong rushing came,  
And soon their souls fed sweetly on the flame.

\* It is a tradition alike Jewish and Mahomedan, that Abraham was flung into a furnace by Nimrod, for refusing to worship his false gods; whereupon the flames, instead of scorching and consuming, were turned for him into a bed of jasmine and roses.

## II.

A DEWDROP falling on the wild sea-wave,  
Exclaimed in fear—"I perish in this grave;"  
But in a shell received, that drop of dew  
Unto a pearl of marvellous beauty grew;  
And, happy now, the grace did magnify  
Which thrust it forth, as it had feared, to die;—  
Until again, "I perish quite," it said,  
Torn by rude diver from its ocean bed:  
Oh unbelieving!—so it came to gleam,  
Chief jewel in a Monarch's diadem.

## III.

THE seed must die, before the corn appears  
Out of the ground, in blade and fruitful ears.  
Low have those ears before the sickle lain,  
Ere thou canst treasure up the golden grain.  
The grain is crushed, before the bread is made;  
And the bread broke, ere life to man conveyed.  
Oh! be content to die, to be laid low,  
And to be crushed, and to be broken so,  
If thou upon God's table may'st be bread,  
Life-giving food for souls an-hungerèd.

## THE WORLD.

See Von Hammer's *Gesch. der schönen Redekünste Persiens*, p. 236.

“ O BEAUTEOUS world, what features fair  
Thine needs would show beyond compare,  
If it were possible to find  
Thy glories all in one combined!  
Show me, O Lord, the world—the bright  
Fair world reveal unto my sight.”

Such prayer the youth had made, whose way  
Soon after through the desert lay,  
Where he far off a woman spied,  
Wandering, by none accompanied.  
“ Who art thou?” he exclaimed:—“ In me  
See her whom thou hast longed to see.”  
—“ What meanest thou?” More plain reply  
This time she made—“ The World am I.”  
—“ Then let me see thy countenance fair,  
Whose beauty doth all hearts ensnare.”  
She from her face the veil withdrew,  
And straight the hidden was in view;  
A visage painted all and bleared,  
Where signs of all things foul appeared:

One bloody hand she raised on high,  
Crooked was the other and awry.  
“ How? what is this?” he shuddering  
Exclaimed—“ what mean’st thou, loathsome thing?”  
“ I with this bloody hand,” she said,  
“ Strike evermore my lovers dead:  
That crooked hand its shape has won  
With beckoning new lovers on;  
Those ever hurl I forth with might,  
And these with sorceries I invite.  
Myself must wonder, being so,  
I never dearth of lovers know.”  
—“ But tell me yet, how this may be,  
That when such thousands wait on thee  
Already, thou dost ever seek  
More lovers still?” She then did speak:  
“ Though these are many, never yet  
A man among them have I met;  
Who rightly bear of man the name,  
My company avoid like shame;  
And thus remain I desolate,  
Even while on me such thousands wait.”

My brother, let her answer be  
Deep graven on thy memory:  
A man, my brother, wouldst thou prove,  
Far keep thee from this beldame’s love.

## THE MONK AND SINNER.

See Tholuck's *Blüthensammlung aus der Morgenländischen Mystik*, p. 251. All must be struck with the deep moral resemblance which this story of Saadi's bears to the incident recorded by St. Luke, c. vii. 36—40. We have here reproduced to us the Pharisee and the woman that was a sinner, and all the deeper relations of law and grace which belong to that history.

IN days of old, when holy prophets trod  
This earth, the living oracles of God,  
What time one such his mission did fulfil,  
There lived a youth, a prodigy of ill:  
So foul the tablets of his heart and black,  
That Satan's self from them had started back.  
Him as the plague sought every soul to shun,  
At him in horror pointed every one;  
And in the city where this sinful youth  
All bosoms filled with horror or with ruth,  
In the same city dwelt a Monk as well,  
Round whom all crowded when he left his cell;  
And those who only touched his garment's hem,  
Counted that heaven was nearer unto them—  
Such name for prayer and penance he had gained:  
And he one day that Prophet entertained:

When in their sight this sinner did appear,  
Who yet for awe presumed not to draw near,  
But falling back, like moth from stunning light,  
Lay on the ground, as blinded by their sight.  
And as in spring relents the frozen ground,  
Even so it seemed as though his heart unbound ;  
Streamed from his eyes like loosened floods the tears :  
“ Woe’s me,” he cried ; “ for thirty guilty years !  
My life’s best treasure have I spent in vain,  
And death and hell are now my only gain.  
I totter on a dark chasm’s dreadful brink,  
Hell’s jaws are yawning for me, and I sink :  
Yet since none ever Thou didst from thee cast,  
I stretch my hands to thee ; Lord, hold them fast.”

But here the Monk with lifted eyebrows—“ Peace,  
Blasphemer,—from thy useless clamors cease :  
And darest thou, thus steeped in sin, make free  
With him, God’s holy Prophet, and with me ?  
My God, this one thing grant me, that I may  
Stand far from this man on the judgment day.”—  
More he had said, but on the Prophet broke  
Swift inspiration, and he straightway spoke :  
“ Two here have prayed—diverse has been their prayer,  
Yet granted both their supplications are.  
He who in mire of sin now thirty years  
Has rolled, forgiveness asks with many tears :

Ne'er yet has head of contrite sinner lain  
Upon the threshold of God's throne in vain.  
All he has sinned to him shall be forgiven,  
Whom God has chosen a denizen of heaven.  
That monk has prayed upon the other hand  
That he may never near this sinner stand ;  
That this may be so, hell his place must be,  
Where never more this sinner he shall see.  
Whose robe is white, but heart is black with pride,  
He for himself hell's gate has opened wide,  
For weighed in God the all-sufficient's scale,  
Not claims nor righteousness of man avail ;  
But these are costly in his sight indeed,—  
Repentance, poverty, and sense of need.

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See *the Same*, p. 243.

I.

WHAT, thou askest, is the heaven, and the round  
earth and the sea,  
And their dwellers, men and angels,—if with God com-  
pared they be ?

II.

Heaven and earth, and men and angels, all that any-  
where is named,  
Matched with Him, lose name and being, and to nothing  
shrink ashamed.

III.

So 'tis seen when this world's Sultan in his glory forth  
doth ride,  
Highest, lowest, beggars, Emirs, all alike their faces  
hide.

IV.

Its unnumbered billows rolling, great to thee the Ocean  
seems ;  
Great the Sun, from golden fountains pouring out a flood  
of beams :

## v.

Yet the faithful, God-enlightened, know another wonder-  
land,  
Where the Ocean is a dew-drop, and the Sun a grain of  
sand.

## vi.

In the forest's dark recesses hast thou marked the glow-  
worm's light,  
In a green dell un beholden, twinkling through the storm  
and night?

## vii.

Once a pilgrim said—"O gentle star, that shinest nightly,  
say,  
Wherefore thou appearest never in the bright and glorious  
day?"

## viii.

Hear what then the gentle glow-worm answered from its  
mouth of fire,—  
"In the gloomy forest shine I, but before the sun  
expire."

## THE SUPPLIANT.

See *the Same*, p. 84.

ALL night the lonely suppliant prayed,  
All night his earnest crying made;  
Till standing by his side at morn,  
The Tempter said in bitter scorn:  
“Oh! peace: what profit do you gain  
From empty words and babblings vain?  
‘Come, Lord—oh, come!’ you cry alway;  
You pour your heart out night and day;  
Yet still no murmur of reply,—  
No voice that answers, ‘Here am I.’”

Then sank that stricken heart in dust,  
That word had withered all its trust;  
No strength retained it now to pray,  
For Faith and Hope had fled away:  
And ill that mourner now had fared,  
Thus by the Tempter’s art ensnared,  
But that at length beside his bed  
His sorrowing Angel stood, and said,—

“ Doth it repent thee of thy love,  
That never now is heard above  
Thy prayer, that now not any more  
It knocks at heav’n’s gate as before ?’

—“ I am cast out—I find no place,  
No hearing at the throne of grace:  
‘ Come, Lord—oh, come !’ I cry alway,  
I pour my heart out night and day,  
Yet never until now have won  
The answer,—‘ Here am I, my son.’”

—“ Oh, dull of heart ! enclosed doth lie,  
In each ‘ Come, Lord,’ an ‘ Here am I.’  
Thy love, thy longing, are not thine,  
Reflections of a love divine :  
Thy very prayer to thee was given,  
Itself a messenger from heaven.  
Whom God rejects, they are not so ;  
Strong bands are round them in their woe ;  
Their hearts are bound with bands of brass,  
That sigh or crying cannot pass.  
All treasures did the Lord impart  
To Pharaoh, save a contrite heart :  
All other gifts unto his foes  
He freely gives, nor grudging knows ;  
But Love’s sweet smart, and costly pain,  
A treasure for his friends remain.”

## THE CERTAINTIES OF FAITH.

See *the Same*, p. 171.

SOME children of their lessons grown quite tired,  
As well might be, an holiday desired.  
“Were but the master sometimes ill,” they say,  
“We might by chance obtain such holiday;  
But he is harder than a rock, and so  
Our lessons never interruption know.  
Oh, if we only could devise some trick,  
By which we might persuade him he was sick !”  
A roguish urchin then stood up and said,  
“Hear a device which comes into my head.  
When school-time comes to-morrow, I will say,—  
‘What is it, master, are you well to-day?’  
Then you, my brother, entering presently,  
‘Oh, master, what has happened to you,’ cry.  
Then all exclaim, ‘The master what can ail ?  
He looks so red, then presently so pale.’  
You ’ll see a man will credit any stuff,  
If only he is told it oft enough.”

The next day so they did ; the first went in,  
And did with serious face the game begin.  
“ Dear master, you are very ill to-day.”  
“ Peace, fool,” he answered, “ I am well, I say.”  
Yet though the lie had not its end attained,  
Some slight misgiving in his soul remained ;  
And when the next the same tale did repeat,  
“ Oh, Sir, you seem as in a fever heat,”  
And third and fourth chimed in with them, “ at last  
The error in his soul was rooted fast.  
Snatching his cloak, he hurried home in fear ;  
“ To-day at home your lessons I will hear.”  
Entering his house he chid his wife, and said  
She cared not if he were alive or dead.  
Wrapt in a blanket on the bed he sate,  
And crying “ Oh ! ” and “ Ah ! ” bemoaned his fate ;  
While the sad urchins listening to his sighs,  
With all his pains appeared to sympathize.  
Yet while from school they had not yet escaped,  
Upon the nonce a new device they shaped :  
No sooner one to say his task drew nigh,  
And oped his mouth, than all the rest did cry,  
“ Oh, not so loud ; your shrieking, prithee, cease,  
See how you make his fever to increase.”  
“ In truth, the fever rises higher still,”  
The master answered—“ I am very ill.

Go, children, go, and leave me here alone."  
They make their bows, and in a trice are gone:  
Like birds, when one their cage doth open leave,  
They darted forth, each laughing in his sleeve.

What thou of God and of thyself dost know,  
So know that none can force thee to forego ;  
For oh ! his knowledge is a worthless art,  
Which, forming of himself no vital part,  
The foremost man he meets with readier skill  
In sleight of words, can rob him of at will.  
Faith feels not of *her* lore more sure nor less,  
If all the world deny it or confess :  
Did the whole world exclaim, " Like Solomon,  
Thou sittest high on Wisdom's noblest throne,"  
She would not, than before, be surer then,  
Nor draw more courage from the assent of men.  
Or did the whole world cry, " O fond and vain !  
What idle dream is this which haunts thy brain ?"  
To the whole world Faith boldly would reply,  
" The whole world can, but I can never, lie."

THE PANTHEIST ;  
OR,  
THE ORIGIN OF EVIL.

THE doctrine of evil as not indeed evil, but only an inferior kind of good, to which the Pantheist is of necessity driven, is wrought out with great skill and frequency by the Eastern Mystics—often comes out in their writings in its most offensive shapes. It is curious to notice how completely they have anticipated this view, which continually reappears in the philosophical systems of our own day, and is in them brought forward as some mighty discovery, and a key to all the perplexities of the actual world. See Tholuck's *Sufismus*, p. 255, seq., and *Blüthensammlung aus der Morgenländischen Mystik*, pp. 133, 145.

ONE who in subtle questions took delight,  
Came running to my lodging late one night,  
And straight began :—" Wilt thou affirm that sin  
Had in man's will its root and origin,  
When that will did itself from God proceed ?  
Whate'er then followed, He must have decreed.  
If evil, then, be not against God's will,  
'Tis wrongly named, it is not truly ill:  
Rather the world a chess-board we should name,  
And God both sides is playing of the game :

Moses and Pharaoh *seem* opposed, for they  
Do thus God's greatness on two sides display ;  
They seem opposed, but at the root are one,  
And each his part allotted has well done ;  
And that which men so blindly evil call,  
And hate and fear and shun, is, after all,  
Only as those discordant notes whereby  
Well-skilled musicians heighten melody ;—  
But as the dark ground cunning painters lay,  
To bring the bright hues into clearer day :  
"Tis good, as yet imperfect, incomplete ;  
Fruit that is sour, while passing on to sweet."

Then I, who knew the world had travelled o'er  
This line of thought a thousand times before,  
Would all debate have willingly put by,  
Yet with this tale at last must make reply :  
" The head of Seid his comrade struck one day ;  
Seid meant the blow in earnest to repay ;  
But then the striker—'Pardon, friend, the blow—  
I am inquiring, and two things would know :  
See, when my hand did on your head alight,  
Straight various bruises there appeared in sight.  
Now, prithee, give me a reply to this,  
If head or hand their ultimate cause is ?  
And if you really do with them agree  
Who but in pain a lesser pleasure see ?'

Seid then—‘ O fool ! my agony is great,  
And think’st thou I can idly speculate ?’  
The same I say ;—let him display his skill  
On the world’s woe, who does not feel its ill ;  
Let speculate the man who feels no pain,  
To whom the world is all a pageant vain,  
An empty show stretched out that he may sit,  
And crying ‘ Fie !’ or ‘ Bravo !’ show his wit.  
Me the deep feeling of its mighty woe  
Robs of all wish herein my skill to show ;  
I only know that evil is no dream,  
A thing that is, and does not merely seem :  
Nor ask I now who open left the well,  
Whereinto, walking carelessly, I fell ;  
Not how I stumbled in the pit, but how  
I may get out, is all my question now.”

## G H A Z E L.

I.

WHAT is the good man and the wise ?  
Ofttimes a pearl which none doth prize ;

II.

Or jewel rare, which men account  
A common pebble, and despise.

III.

Set forth upon the world's bazaar,  
It mildly gleams, but no one buys,

IV.

Till it in anger Heaven withdraws  
From the world's undiscerning eyes :

V.

And in its shell the pearl again,  
And in its mine the jewel lies.

## THE RIGHTEOUS OF THE WORLD.

See Eisenmenger's *Entdecktes Judenthum*, v. ii. p. 362.

THE Rabbis, who devise strange dooms of wrath and ill,

For them who knew not here God's perfect law and will,  
Yet these have told how they, as many as with true  
And faithful heart fulfilled and loved the good they knew,  
The Righteous of the world, shall once delivered be  
From darkness, and brought in God's countenance to see :  
Which thing they thus recount :—It shall befall one day  
In those eternal courts where it is day alway,  
Before Him will the Just sit ranged in order meet,  
The holy Angels all will stand upon their feet ;  
And while they hymn the praise, the glory and the worth  
Of Him who by a word created heaven and earth,  
Will ever high and higher be borne and swept along  
Heaven's azure-vaulted roofs the full concert of song :  
Then will that mighty voice of jubilee be heard,  
Until from end to end the spacious world is stirred,  
Until even those that lie excluded from his face,  
The Righteous of the world, who knew not of his grace  
And law, while living—now will triumph in his name,  
And with their loud Amen will join the glad acclaim.

Then He who knoweth all, yet purposing to show  
His goodness, will demand from whence these voices grow.  
The ministering angels then will answer and will say,  
The while they veil for awe their faces—"These are they,  
Who did not know thy law while living, and for this  
They lie in hell remote from glory and from bliss ;  
They cry Amen from thence."—But He will of his grace  
Compassion take on them and on their mournful case,  
Will give the golden key from heaven's crystal floors,  
Which opens with a touch hell's forty thousand doors,  
And Michael, mighty prince, will fly with it amain,  
On mercy's errand swift, and all the angelic train.  
Hell's forty thousand gates will open at his word,  
Its narrow chambers deep with expectation stirred.  
And as a man draws up his neighbour from a pit,  
When he shall have therein through evil hap alit,  
The prisoners he will draw from dungeons where they lay,  
And extricating lift from the deep and miry clay,—  
Will wash and cleanse their wounds where they have  
plaguèd been,  
And clothe in garments white, and beautiful and clean ;  
And taking by the hand, will lead them to the gate  
Of Paradise, where they must for a moment wait ;  
Till there with leave brought in, they fall upon their face,  
And worship God, and praise and magnify his grace :  
While all that had before their places round the throne,  
Will give new thanks for this new mercy He has shown,  
And by new voices swelled, and higher and more strong,  
Ring through the vaults of heaven the full concert of song.

## P R A Y E R.

I.

WHEN prayer delights thee least, then learn to say,  
Soul, now is greatest need that thou should'st pray.

II.

Crooked and warped I am, and I would fain  
Straighten myself by thy right line again.

III.

Oh come, warm sun, and ripen my late fruits;  
Pierce, genial showers, down to my parchèd roots.

IV.

My well is bitter; cast therein the tree,  
That sweet henceforth its brackish waves may be.

V.

Say what is prayer, when it is prayer indeed?  
The mighty utterance of a mighty need.

VI.

The man is praying, who doth press with might  
Out of his darkness into God's own light.

## VII.

White heat the iron in the furnace won,  
Withdrawn from thence, 'twas cold and hard anon.

## VIII.

Flowers from their stalks divided, presently  
Droop, fail, and wither in the gazer's eye.

## IX.

The greenest leaf divided from its stem,  
To speedy withering doth itself condemn.

## X.

The largest river from its fountain head  
Cut off, leaves soon a parched and dusty bed.

## XI.

All things that live from God their sustenance wait,  
And sun and moon are beggars at his gate.

## XII.

All skirts extended of thy mantle hold,  
When angel hands from heaven are scattering gold.

## THE FALCON'S REWARD.

THIS story, at its root so similar to that of Beth Gellert, is told in the *Calila and Dimna*, and I believe is to be found in many other quarters.

### I.

BENEATH the fiery cope of middle day  
The youthful Prince, his train left all behind,  
With eager eye gazed round him every way,  
If springing well he anywhere might find.

### II.

His favourite falcon, from long aëry flight  
Returning, and from quarry struck at last,  
Told of the chase, which with its keen delight  
Had thus allured him on so far and fast,—

### III.

Till gladly he had welcomed in his drought  
The dullest pool that gathered in the rain :  
But such, or fount of clearer wave, he sought  
Long through that blasted barren waste in vain.

## IV.

What pleasure when, slow stealing o'er a rock,  
He spied the glittering of a little rill,  
Which yet, as if his burning thirst to mock,  
Did its scant treasures drop by drop distil.

## V.

A golden goblet from his saddle-bow  
He loosed, and from his steed alighted down,  
To wait until that fountain, trickling slow,  
Should in the end his golden goblet crown.

## VI.

When set beside the promise of that draught  
How poor had seemed to him the costliest wine,  
That with its beaded bubbles winked and laughed,—  
When set beside that nectar more divine.

## VII.

The brimming vessel to his lips at last  
He raised,—when, lo! the falcon on his hand,  
With beak and pinion's sudden impulse, cast  
That cup's rare treasure all upon the sand.

## VIII.

Long was it ere the fountain, pulsing slow,  
Caused once again that chalice to run o'er;  
When, thinking no like hindrance now to know,  
He raised it to his parchèd lips once more:

## IX.

Once more, as if to cross his purpose bent,  
The watchful bird,—as if on this one thing,  
That drink he should not of that stream, intent,—  
Struck from his hand the cup with eager wing.

## X.

But when this new defeat his purpose found,  
Swift penalty this time the bird must pay;  
Hurled down with angry force upon the ground,  
Before her master's feet in death she lay:

## XI.

And he, twice baffled, did meanwhile again  
From that scant rill to slake his thirst prepare;  
When, down the crags descending, of his train  
One cried, "O Monarch, for thy life forbear !

## XII.

"Coiled in these waters at their fountain head,  
And causing them so feebly to distil,  
A poisonous snake of hugest growth lies dead,  
And doth with venom all the streamlet fill."

## XIII.

Dropped from his hand the cup;—one look he cast  
Upon the faithful creature at his feet;  
Whose dying struggles now were almost past,  
For whom a better guerdon had been meet;

## xiv.

Then homeward rode in silence many a mile:—

But if such thoughts did in his bosom grow,  
As did in mine the painfulness beguile  
Of that his falcon's end, what man can know?

## xv.

I said—"Such chalices the world fills up  
For us, and bright and without bale they seem—  
A sparkling potion in a jewelled cup,  
Nor know we drawn from what infected stream.

## xvi.

"Our spirit's thirst they promise to assuage,  
And we those cups unto our death had quaffed,  
If Heaven did not in dearest love engage  
To dash the chalice down, and mar the draught.

## xvii.

"Alas for us, if we that love are fain  
With wrath and blind impatience to repay,  
Which nothing but our weakness doth restrain,—  
As he repaid his faithful bird that day;

## xviii.

"If an indignant glance we lift above,  
To lose some sparkling goblet discontent,  
Which, but for that keen watchfulness of love,  
Swift circling poison through our veins had sent."

## THE CONVERSION OF ABRAHAM.

See D'Herbelot's *Bibliothèque Orientale*, art. Abraham.

FOND heart, when learnest thou to say,  
I love not pomps that fade away,  
Nor glories that decay and wane,  
Nor lights that rise to set again?  
When wilt thou turn where Abraham turned,  
And learn the lesson Abraham learned?  
Beyond the river while he dwelt,  
He with his kin to idols knelt,  
And nightly gazing on the sky,  
Worshipped the starry host on high.  
But when he saw their splendours fail,  
And that bright multitude grow pale,  
He left them, and adored the moon;  
But she too wanly wanèd soon.  
Baffled, he knelt unto the sun;  
But when *his* race of light was done,  
He cried, "To such no vows I bring—  
I worship not the perishing!"  
And turned him to the God, whose hand  
Made sun, and moon, and starry band—  
An everlasting Light, in whom  
Decrease and shadow find no room.

## THE TRUE PILGRIM.

THAT the deeper religious minds of Mohamedanism are accustomed to spiritualize the pilgrimage to Mecca, and fail not to urge that the performance of its outward details of duty will profit nothing, unless they be regarded as the signs and symbols of higher truths, of this there is abundant evidence. See, for instance in proof the *Abu Seid* of Hariri (Rückert's translation, v. ii., pp. 36—46) a book equal in wit, and in many higher qualities immeasurably superior, to *Gil Blas*, the European work with which it naturally suggests a comparison.

“**M**Y son,” ’twas thus upon his dying bed  
To his sole heir the aged monarch said,  
“He who on every Moslem did impose,  
That once at least before his life should close,  
To Mecca he should wend his faithful way,  
And in the mother city kneel and pray,  
Did underneath these shadows understand  
The earnest seeking of a better land,  
And a more real pilgrimage intend—  
Even that which draws for me unto its end.  
When thou then on this errand just art bent,  
Let not thy labour all be vainly spent,  
As vain the toil of many will be found,  
Though duly they have paced the holy ground,

Circling the sacred shrine\* in many a ring,  
And duly drank of Zemsem's holy spring,†  
And kissed that stone, which white in heaven as snow,  
Doth now coal-black through breath of sinners show,‡  
And all the weary desert way have made,  
Pacing a-foot, in meanest garb arrayed,  
Leaving no tittle unfulfilled of all  
Which to a perfect pilgrim should befall.  
Oh, many will have known the toil, the pain,  
Who yet will miss that journey's truest gain ;  
For 'tis not merely that thou turn thy face  
Toward the Caaba and the holy place,  
Unless as well thou dost in spirit fare  
Toward new Zion, and art journeying there.  
Vainly whole heaps of pebbles wilt thou bring,  
And at a fancied aëry devil fling,

\* The Caaba, the aim and object to which the pilgrimage is properly directed, is a plain unpretending edifice, which is asserted to have had Seth for its builder. It is the Loretto of Mohamedanism, having at the deluge been carried by angels into Heaven; and only when that was past, brought back again to the earth. The reverence attached to it dates back to a period far anterior to the rise of Islam. The new religion adopted it with so much else into itself.

† The holy well at Mecca, from which no pilgrim omits to draw water and to drink. It is said to be the same which sprang up in the wilderness for Hagar and her child.

‡ This stone, also a legacy from Arabian heathenism to "the Faith," is fixed at about a man's height in the outer wall of the Caaba, and is duly kissed by every pilgrim. Snow-white when it fell from heaven, it has from the breath of sinners become perfectly black.

Casting thy stone upon the very field,  
Where Abraham's faith the tempter once repelled,  
If all the while thou fearest to molest  
A truer devil, lurking in thy breast.  
And what will profit to have laid aside  
Thy gorgeous robes and outward signs of pride,  
Taking in mean attire thy pilgrim way,  
If pride is still thine inmost soul's array?  
Oh! let humility thy garment be,  
Which never suffer to be drawn from thee,  
Although a Chosroes' mantle in its stead  
By Fortune's hand to thee were offerèd.  
Thou ridest; yet remember not the less  
That many pace a-foot the wilderness:  
Fare gently for their sakes; or if perchance,  
Vigorous and strong, on foot thou dost advance,  
Bethink thee still that with the caravan  
Is many a child, and many an aged man.

O pilgrim to the holy city bound,  
Learn other dangers on thy pathway found.  
To right or left if sounds thine ear invade,  
Like trampling of a mighty cavalcade,  
Or voice by night which names thee by thy name,  
As though from some familiar friend it came,  
Bidding thee turn a little from thy way,  
Or tarry, do not for thy life obey;

But close thine ears, and ever onward haste,  
Eluding so the demons of the waste.  
Or if in fiery noon, when throat is dry,  
And limbs are faint, far off thou dost espy  
What seems to thee some broad transparent lake,  
Delighting in its lucid breast to take  
White clouds, far mountains, and inverted trees,  
Do not forsake thy company for these:  
'Tis but the floating heat of middle noon,  
From sand-flats drawn, and which will vanish soon:  
Oh woe! if thee it shall have lured away,  
To flatter first, and afterwards betray.  
My son, whom I can watch for now no more,  
Grave deeply in thine heart this pilgrim lore;  
About thy neck a father's precepts bind;  
On, on, and leave these perils far behind."

## CHARITY.

FOR the man whose heart and eye  
Are made wise by charity,  
Something will appear always,  
That may have his honest praise ;  
There will glimmer points of light  
In the darkest, saddest night.  
Gathered once the people round  
The dead carcase of an hound ;  
Flung upon the open way,  
In the market-place it lay ;  
And the idle multitude,  
Vulture-like, around it stood,  
One exclaiming, “ I declare  
That he poisons quite the air : ”  
But the next, “ He is not worth  
Pains of putting under earth ; ”  
And against the poor dead thing  
Each in turn his stone must fling :  
Till one wiser passing by,  
Just exclaimed, while eagerly  
They were venting each his spite,—  
“ See his teeth, how pearly white ! ”  
Straight the others with self-blame  
Shrunk away in silent shame.

## THE VASE OF HONEY.

I.

FAIR vessel hast thou seen with honey filled,  
Which is no sooner opened, than descend  
Upon the clammy sweets by bees distilled  
A troop of flies, quick swarming without end?

II.

Yet these when one doth fan away and beat,  
Such as had lighted with a fearful care  
On the jar's edge, nor cumbered wings and feet,  
Lightly they mount into the upper air.

III.

But all that headlong plunged those sweets among,  
They cannot fly, in cloying sweetness bound ;  
The heavy toils have all around them clung,  
In woful surfeiting their lives are drowned.

IV.

Such vessel is this world—fanned evermore  
By death's dark Angel with his mighty wing ;  
Then all that had in pleasure's honied store  
Their spirits sunk, they upward cannot spring :

v.

Only they mount, who on this vessel's side  
With heed alighting, had with extreme lip  
Just ventured, there while suffered to abide,  
Its sweets in measure and with fear to sip.

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## SONNET.

WHAT child of dust with glory was arrayed  
Like Solomon?—his bidding, while he stood  
In his obedience and first state of good,  
The upper and the under worlds obeyed—  
All spirits, good and evil; yea, he made  
Hell's concourse and involuntary brood  
Do drudging work for him—hew stones, bring wood,  
And in the rearing of God's temple aid.  
But when he fell from God, the self-same hour  
They fell from him—against him dared to turn,  
Defied his might, his ring, his seal of power;  
Made him the subject of their mock and scorn;  
While before them he now must crouch and cower,  
Of strength and wisdom, as of goodness, shorn.

## EASTERN MORALITIES.

### I.

“WHO truly strives?” they asked.—Then one replied :  
“The man who owns no other goal beside  
The throne of God, and till he there arrives,  
Allows himself no rest, he truly strives.”

### II.

Honour each thing for that it once may be,  
In bud the rose, in egg the chicken see ;  
Bright butterfly behold in ugly worm,  
And trust that man enfolds an angel form.

### III.

My friends exclaimed, who saw me bowed with woe :  
“Be of good cheer; the world is ebb and flow.”  
‘To the dead fish what helps it,’ I replied,  
‘That back returns the free and flowing tide?’

### IV.

A pebble, thrown into the mighty sea,  
Sinks, and disturbs not its tranquillity :  
No ocean, but a shallow pool, the man,  
Whom every little wrong disquiet can.

## V.

A monk that once did at a king's board feed,  
Ate less than was his wont, and was his need;  
And the meal done, when he a grace should say,  
Prayed more and longer than he used to pray.  
O friend, if great things may in small be found,  
Quite other road than heavenward thou art bound.

## VI.

## THE TRUE FRIEND.

He is a friend, who treated as a foe,  
Now even more friendly than before doth show;  
Who to his brother still remains a shield,  
Although a sword for him his brother wield;  
Who of the very stones against him cast,  
Builds friendship's altar higher and more fast.

## VII.

## PRIDE.

With needle's point more easily you will  
Uproot and quite unfasten a huge hill,  
Than from the bosom you will dig up pride;  
And the ant's footfall sooner is descried,  
On black earth moving, in the darkest night,  
Than are pride's secret movements brought to light.

## VIII.

The business of the world is child's play mere;  
Too many, ah! the children playing here:  
Their pleasure and their woe, their loss and gain,  
Alike mean nothing, and alike are vain—

As children's, who, to pass the time away,  
 Build up their booths, and buy and sell in play ;  
 But homeward hungering must at eve repair,  
 And standing leave their booths with all their ware :  
 So the world's children, when *their* night is come,  
 With empty satchels turn them sadly home.

## IX.

Sage, that wouldst maker of thine own God be,  
 When made, alas ! what will he profit thee ?  
 Most like art thou to children that astride  
 On reeds or wooden horses proudly ride ;  
 And as they trail them on the ground, they cry,  
 “ This is the lightning, and its Lord am I ! ”  
 Yet, while they deem their horses them upbear,  
 Themselves the bearers of their horses are ;  
 And when they grow aweary of their course,  
 They find no strength in them, no help, no force.  
 How otherwise they fare, how fresh, how strong,  
 Not of themselves, but borne of God along !  
 How jubilant to Him they lift their head,  
 Till the ninth heaven shakes underneath their tread !

## X.

## SCIENCE AND LOVE.

Who that might watch the moon in heaven, would look  
 At its weak image in the water-brook ?  
 Who were content, that might in presence stand  
 Of one beloved, with letters from his hand ?

When thou hast learned the name, hast thou the thing?  
What life to thee will definitions bring?  
Will the four letters, R, O, S, and E,  
The rose's hues and fragrance bring to thee?  
Feed not on husks, but these strip off and feed  
On the rich kernel, which is food indeed.  
Say, who of choice would wash in arid sand,  
While limpid streams were bubbling close at hand  
Bare Science is dry sand;—thy spirit's wings  
Bathe thou in Love's delicious water-springs.  
Be thou the bee, which ever to its cell  
Not wax alone, but honey brings as well:  
Good is the wax for light, but better still  
What will thine hive with stored sweetness fill.

## xi.

## THE GIFT IN THE TEMPLE.

His splendid pilgrimage to Mecca done,  
Within the temple great Almansur's son  
Showered with a bounty prodigal and proud  
Enormous gifts among the struggling crowd;  
And every day those gifts he multiplied,  
Vexed every day and humbled in his pride,  
That one who seemed the poorest pilgrim there,  
Remained aloof with calm abstracted air

Indifferent, and contended not nor prest,  
To share his scattered largess with the rest.  
Until at last, when he had shed in vain  
Gold, jewels, pearls, he could no more refrain,  
But cried to him, “ And dost thou nought desire,  
And wilt thou nothing at my hands require ? ”  
Who answered, standing where before he stood :  
“ Great shame it were for me, if any good,  
While thus within the house of God I stand,  
I asked or looked for, saving at his hand.”

## xii.

See Von Hammer's *Geschichte der schönen Redekünste Persiens*, p. 389.

MAN, the caged bird that owned a higher nest,  
Is here awhile detained, reluctant guest ;  
Plumage and beak he shatters in his rage,  
And with his prison doth vain war engage ;  
For him the falcon watches, and his snare  
The bloody fowler doth for him prepare.  
Exiled from home, he here doth sadly sing,  
In spring lacks autumn, and in autumn spring.  
Far from his nest, he shivers on a wall,  
Where blows on him of rude misfortune fall—  
His head with weight of misery sore bowed down,  
His pinion clogged with dust, his courage gone.

Then from his nest in heaven is heard a cry,  
And straight he spreads his wings divine on high :  
Lift him, O Lord, unto the lotus-tree,  
No meaner pitch may with his birth agree ;  
Grant him a pinion of such lofty flight,  
That he may on the lotus-tree alight :  
In thy bright palaces his nest prepare ;  
Oh, happy, happy bird that nesteth there !

## XIII.

## MAN'S TWOFOLD NATURE.

AN hen, though such tame creatures mostly are,  
Yet once received a water-bird in care ;  
Its mother-instinct drew the fledgling still  
To the wide ocean-floods, to roam at will ;  
Its timid nurse, upon the other hand,  
Sought evermore to lead it back to land.  
O Man ! thy mother, Heaven, thy nurse is Earth,  
And thou of both wert nurtured from thy birth ;  
From thy true mother comes thine impulse free  
To launch forth boldly upon being's sea ;  
While aye thy nurse fears for thee, and would fain  
Thee to a narrow slip of dry restrain.  
Up, and remember Adam's kingly worth,  
How angels danced before him at his birth,

How unto him they rendered homage all,  
And served him at the glorious festival,  
The bridal of two worlds, that kissed and met  
The morn when he in Paradise was set.  
Up, man, for what if thou with beasts hast part,  
Since in the body framed of dust thou art,  
Yet know thyself upon the other side  
Higher than angels, and to God allied.  
But ah! I sound this high alarum in vain,  
Sunk on thy bosom doth thy head remain :  
In lists of love while noblest bosoms bleed,  
That flies not vex thee, this is all thine heed.  
Up, be a man at last ; with Abraham go  
From house and kindred forth, thy God to know :  
Fair shine the sun and moon and host of heaven,  
To eye of sense no fairer sight is given :  
Yet cry with him : "These rise to set again ;  
I worship Him, a light that will not wane."  
Into the wilderness with Moses hie,  
And hear that mighty word, "The Lord am I."  
Then hast thou won the place that is thine own,  
A sitter on the threshold of God's throne.

**GENOVEVA.**

## GENOVEVA.

IN times such as these, when it is more than ever a duty to put no offence in the way of any, I may as well mention that in the versifying of this tale, I have no more than sought accurately to follow the old legend: in doing which I have not considered that the abuse of the forms of medieval piety, which is committed when they are sought to be thrust upon us afresh, is any reason for omitting them in my version of the legend; seeing that, with whatever error mixed up, they were yet the genuine shapes under which earnest godliness manifested itself in those ages to which this story belongs.

### I.

A S the finest crystal still  
Bides the most exposed to ill,  
As the finest crystal ever  
Brittlest, may the soonest shiver,  
So in this world fares no less  
With some rarer happiness:  
Such an happiness was thine,  
Siegfried, Count and Palatine,  
When thou leddest home thy bride,  
When thou watched'st her in pride,  
As all eyes did on her wait,  
Moving in her queenly state—  
Genoveva, fairest flower  
Blooming in Brabantine bower  
Once, and now transferred to dwell  
On the banks of fair Moselle.

'Twas in sooth a golden time,  
And the world was in its prime  
For them two;—the sun stood high  
Of their rare felicity—  
Standing right above their head,  
Did no way a shadow shed.

But this might not always last;  
Happy months too soon have past:  
Charles has called from east and west  
All who own his high behest;  
Charles has bid from far and near  
All his liegemen to appear.  
For must now at length be met,  
Now must have its boundaries set  
That wild tide of Moslem war,  
Which has rolled so fierce and far,  
Issuing from Arabian sands,  
Overflowing mightiest lands,  
Till it reached to western Spain,  
And has burst o'er Aquitaine,  
And is panting to advance  
To the very heart of France.  
At the gate are trumpets sounding,  
And impatient chargers bounding,  
And a numerous proud array  
Only for their chieftain stay;  
And he comes—in lady's bowers  
'Tis no time to waste the hours:

Who this precious time would choose  
 In ignoble ease to lose,  
 While by others fields are fought,  
 Glorious deeds by others wrought,  
 While by other hearts and hands  
 France is freed from miscreant bands?  
 Nor would she her lord detain,  
 Though her arms are like a chain,  
 That will scarce relax again;  
 Though when now the latest note  
 Of the trump in air doth float,  
 By her maidens she is found  
 Without motion on the ground,  
 In a deep and heavy swoon;  
 But from thence reviving soon  
 Doth her widowed state beguile,  
 Cheers the sad and lonely while,  
 Not with shows or pageantries,  
 Not with pomps or revelries,  
 But with prayer and vigil long,  
 With the Church's solemn song,  
 Stirring so the malice fell  
 And the deepest hate of hell.

## II.



Well thou farest, gallant Count,  
 Foremost in the battle brunt,

Foremost on that famous field,  
When to heaven two faiths appealed,  
When seven times uprose the sun ·  
And the battle was not done,  
And six times went down the day  
On an undecided fray;  
Well thou speedest; to thy king  
No mean help thy hand did bring  
On that last day, when he smote  
Many a Moslem's mailed coat—  
When his ponderous blows so well  
Like on ringing anvil fell,  
That to him henceforth the name  
Of "The Hammer" justly came.  
Well thou farest—better far  
Than that sadly-gleaming star,  
Thou didst leave to shine alone  
In thy sphere, when thou wert gone—  
Better than that lonely dove,  
Fond of heart, and true of love,  
Who within her widowed bowers  
Counts the tardy-pacing hours.  
What a mist of hell obscure  
Gathers round thy planet pure!  
What a serpent coils and clings  
Round thy fair dove's silver wings!  
What of hellish wiles are met  
Round about her, to beset

First the honour, then the life  
Of that ever-faithful wife!

Ill didst thou, O Count, provide,  
Setting at thy lady's side,  
For thine holy home to guard  
And to keep due watch and ward,  
One who there such watch doth keep  
As the wolf on silly sheep:  
Such a guard the kite would prove  
To the weakness of the dove.  
Evil man! who when there fell  
On his bosom sparks of hell,  
Did not, as alone was meet,  
Stamp them underneath his feet,  
With an indignation keen  
That such thoughts should once have been;  
But those sparks of foul desire  
Left to kindle to a fire,  
Fed and fanned them, till they grew  
Such a mighty flame unto,  
As will not be quenched, before  
One it has consumed, or more.  
—He has dared to tell his tale;  
She, with fear and anger pale,  
Twice must hear, but when the third  
Time this suit of shame she heard,  
Then exclaimed, “Thy lord shall know  
Whom he has entrusted so:

Evil meed wilt thou have earned,  
When thy lord has back returned ;  
Twice forgiven—but twice in vain—  
Hence! nor see my face again.”  
Forth the caitiff went, and told  
To his mother, weird and old,  
Full of evil plots and wiles,  
Full of treacheries and guiles,  
All his danger and his fear—  
—“Help me, or my death is near ;  
Give me counsel, or I die :  
One must perish—she or I.”

## III.

Innocence is fearless still—  
Means not and suspects not ill.  
Of the band that waited near  
Genoveva, one was dear,  
For his piety beloved,  
And with many signs approved  
Of her grace—his tender age  
Did he unto God engage,  
Who, before her kneeling, read  
From an open scroll outspread,  
Where were written records high  
Of the Christian chivalry ;  
Of young Agnes, tender flower,  
Gathered in her childhood’s hour ;

And of patient Laurence, spread  
Calmly on his fiery bed ;  
Of Eulalia, whose fair corse,  
Flung abroad without remorse,  
From an higher care must know  
Its pure winding-sheet of snow ;  
And of them that bore so well  
All the spite of earth and hell,  
Whose dear ashes forth were thrown  
To make rich her neighbouring Rhone ;  
And of many more beside,  
In extremest tortures tried ;  
Names that never shall grow old,  
Hearts to servile fear unsold,  
Holy Virgins, Martyrs bold,  
Lilies those of dazzling white,  
Roses these with red hues dight,  
In the garden of the Lord ;—  
With a pensive ear she heard,  
With a spirit inly wrought,  
Marvelling in secret thought,  
How the holiest and most pure  
Most were given to endure ;  
How it still was theirs to drain  
Deepest cups of mortal pain.

But these musings must have end,  
Must reveal what they portend.  
Hark ! a noise is heard without,  
Then a rude inrushing rout,

Led of him, who should no more  
Dare to stand her face before.  
Up she started in surprise ;  
All the coming on her eyes  
Flashing in a moment rose—  
The long order of her woes,  
The foul tale, the hateful lie,  
And the deep-laid villany.  
Knew she now what cup of pain  
Unto her was given to drain ;  
Her as well that cup had found,  
Had unto her lips come round.  
“ Ha ! ” that faithless guardian cried,  
When the wondering twain he spied,  
“ It was this, even this I thought,  
And my fears to proof are brought.  
Have we not endured this wrong  
Done against our lord too long ?  
Hence, away with both ! away !  
Hence, nor heed them, what they say ;  
Mine the charge, that without stain  
My lord’s honour should remain :  
If this may not be, at least  
Shall the rank offence have ceased.  
Bear him to his death—her doom  
She shall wait in dungeon gloom.”

## IV.

Such a mist of hell obscure  
Gathers round that planet pure,  
Such a serpent coils and clings  
Round that fair dove's silver wings,  
Such of hellish wiles are met,  
And such treacheries to beset  
First the honour, then the life  
Of that ever-faithful wife ;  
While the Count do spaces wide,  
Streams and mountains, still divide  
From his perilled lady's side.  
For with slow and sullen pace,  
Turning oftentimes the face,  
Afric's swarthy hosts retreat  
From the field of their defeat ;—  
As with many a pause of pride  
Ebbeth a reluctant tide,  
Slowly on its reflux track  
Is with many a pause drawn back,  
Oft with new-awakened roar  
Winneth ground again, before  
It has quite left bare the shore—  
As a lion from his prey  
By the hunters scared away,  
Who though now no more remaining,  
Yet the show of flight disdaining,

Often turns, and makes his stand,  
Glares on the pursuing band,  
Till the shepherds back recoil,  
Winning no unbloody spoil.  
And the gallant Count of Treves,  
Though by night and day he weaves  
Visions of his happy home,  
Though full oft his fancies roam  
From the camp's tumultuous noise,  
From the battle's heady joys,  
To the banks of fair Moselle,  
Where for him all good things dwell,  
Though he yearns for quick release  
Unto scenes of holy peace,  
Yet will faithfully abide  
By his noble captain's side,  
Till into the western seas,  
Or beyond the Pyrenees,  
Is the latest foeman urged,  
And the land is throughly purged.

Joy to him! for tidings come,  
Letters from his distant home.  
Joy it is not—he doth stand,  
Those crushed letters in his hand,  
And men speak, but meaning none  
From their speech his ear has won;  
O'er the world doth blackness pass,  
Black the sunlight on the grass,

Black the sun itself—on all  
Blackness falls, a murky pall.  
The firm heavens are round him wheeling,  
The fixed earth beneath him reeling;  
Oh, the cunning web of hell!  
Oh, the treachery woven too well!  
—“Genoveva! oh no, no—  
Yet it is, it must be so.  
Oh 'twas well and bravely done,  
Thou thy master's praise hast won,  
Who didst boldly use thy power,  
And didst cast her in that hour  
To a dungeon out of sight.  
Would that she had died outright,  
Died with him, and shared his fate,  
In this sin her guilty mate.  
Better so—but let her die  
With the child of infamy,  
Child of infamy and scorn  
That was in the dungeon born.”  
With this message he in part  
The wild tumult of his heart  
Has assuaged—some ease has won:  
—Yet, oh think, was this well done,  
Was it with thine own heart well,  
When in it such thoughts could dwell?  
If thy spirit had drawn breath  
In the worlds of loftiest faith,

Couldst thou have been so deceived?—  
Would'st thou not have then believed  
Every thing on earth a lie,  
Ere thy lady's purity?

## V.

Lo! a woman strangely fair,  
With her wildly-streaming hair,  
All alone, companionless,  
In a savage wilderness:—  
Now she kneels with arms stretched out,  
Now she strangely roams about;  
Underneath a thorn-tree's shade  
Wailing infant she has laid,  
Like another Hagar flying,  
That she may not see him dying.  
—“From that cry—that cry of pain—  
Still I flee, but still in vain:  
Whither, whither shall I fly?  
All the fountains are drawn dry  
Of my bosom utterly;  
With its milk my child at first,  
Till that wholly failed, I nursed:  
Then the blood away it drew,  
And now that has failed me too.  
Oh! what helps it that the twain,  
Who were charged to end my pain,

Have withheld the murderous knife  
From my own and infant's life,  
(While I promised never more  
To appear men's eyes before,)  
If they leave us here to die  
With a longer agony?  
—O my husband, other thought  
Was it that within me wrought,  
Then when from my height of place  
Fell I to that strange disgrace,  
And that scorn extreme must prove:  
In thy faith and in thy love  
Found I still a refuge strong  
From that uttermost of wrong.  
'Twas enough the hours were flowing,  
'Twas enough the days were going,  
That would bring thee to my side,  
All that dark mist scattering wide.  
—God and Saviour! and thine ear  
Doth it not our crying hear?  
God and Saviour! is thine eye  
Closèd on our misery?  
Are the springs of love divine  
Dry as are these breasts of mine?  
When my little one has died,  
What have I on earth beside?"  
Round she gazed, if anywhere  
Dawned a glimpse of comfort there:

Not a human step was near,  
Not a human voice to cheer,  
And no Angel-comforter  
In her anguish spake to her.  
Oh! how darkly desolate,  
Oh! how full of scorn and hate  
At that moment seemed all nature—  
Every mute and senseless creature ;  
All upon her misery  
Gazing with unpitying eye.  
Danced the light leaves in the air,  
As deriding her despair ;  
Echoes came in idle mocks,  
Tossed from the unfeeling rocks ;  
Merrily the stream tripped on,  
Gloriously the gay sun shone,  
Stretched the breadth of azure sky  
Like a banner upon high :  
But no pity anywhere  
Might she find, no love, no care :  
Dark the earth, forlorn of love,  
But, oh! darker heaven above—  
God's own heaven seemed darker yet.  
But this deadliest thought is met :  
She hath prayed, and doth repel  
This the deadliest shaft of hell ;  
She hath prayed, and not in vain ;  
Faith returns to her again ;

And when now the feeble crying,  
The faint moanings of the dying,  
Faint and fainter, wholly cease,  
God she thanks that all is peace ;  
That her infant findeth rest  
On a loving Saviour's breast.  
She with all is reconciled ;  
Once will look upon her child,  
Then its little body lay  
In the deepest grave she may.

Near she draws, and yet more near,  
Not a stirring may she hear :  
But what other sight her eyes  
Welcomed with a glad surprise !  
Near the boy a gentle doe  
Knelt, as white as mountain snow,  
And with eager lips the child  
From that loving creature mild  
Drew the sweetest nourishment,  
Which, for its own offspring sent,  
Now to him it freely lent.  
When the mother from above  
Bent on him her looks of love,  
He at length began to stir,  
Did his little hands to her  
Stretch, and turn in gladsome wise  
On her face his laughing eyes ;

What sweet tears from hers were shed !  
What new faith in her was bred !  
Here will she abide, until  
Life shall finish, and life's ill,  
Housing in a hollow cave,  
Shelter, when the wild winds rave ;  
Here, where God this grace did send,  
She will calmly wait the end.

## VI.

Blindly, blindly, in the dark  
Welters now his spirit's bark,  
Who has blotted from his heaven  
All the lights to guide him given,  
So that now there doth endure  
Unto him no good, no pure,  
And no virtue seemeth sure ;  
While the fairest form wherein  
Goodness did a body win,  
Leprous all have showed with sin ;  
While the Star which he well nigh  
Worshipped, where it shone on high,  
Suddenly has left its height,  
Treacherous meteor of the night.  
Round his path is darkness spread ;  
But what thicker night is shed

Then, when he is undeceived,  
And has all the web unwavead  
Of that hateful treachery,  
Of that foul and hideous lie;  
When the traitor owns his guilt,  
And his blood is justly spilt—  
And a murderer *thou* dost stand,  
With her blood upon thy hand!  
Oh! what profits now the force  
Of thy measureless remorse?  
What thy soul's strong agonies?  
What thy tears of blood, thy cries  
Underneath the midnight skies?  
What a thousand anguished years,  
An eternity of tears?  
All were profitless to rue  
What a single hour could do.  
Wilt thou call her from the tomb?  
Wilt thou bid her from the gloom  
Of that forest, where she lies  
Hidden deep from human eyes?  
Faithful mother! truest wife!  
Hardly she sustains her life  
In that wasteful wilderness:  
Oh unparalleled distress!  
Who that paints it to his thought,  
Would not unto tears be brought?

She, a child of Flanders' Earl,  
Lacking what the meanest churl,  
Poorest beggar that did wait  
At her sire's or husband's gate,  
Had not lacked,—of which bereft  
She had not the meanest left.  
Changed she has her palace dome  
For a cave of damp and gloom ;  
Maidens wait not her about,  
But wild beasts go in and out ;  
And no other music more  
Knows she than their sullen roar ;  
For a soft and downy bed  
Sticks are underneath her spread ;  
She has left her dainty food  
For the harsh roots of the wood ;  
Pearls she has not—in their place  
Tears are on her woe-worn face :  
Only jewels now she knew  
Were the drops of chilly dew,  
Hanging on the pointed thorn :  
This is now her state forlorn.

While the days are summer-long  
Then her pains are not so strong ;  
While the days are summer-warm,  
She may shield her child from harm.  
Oh ! but when the leaves now sere  
Told of pitiless winter near,

How she shuddered then to know  
What she soon must undergo !  
Ill with her it then did fare,  
Then her pains were hard to bear.  
She must melt within her mouth  
Ice, when she would slake her drouth ;  
When her hunger would allay,  
Must the hard snow scrape away,  
Till the roots at length she found,  
Buried deep in frozen ground.  
How amid the long nights dark,  
When the cold was stiff and stark,  
When the icy north-wind blew,  
Keen sword, piercing through and through,  
Searching, as it fiercely drove,  
Every corner of the cave,  
Oh ! how then that mother prest  
Her poor shiverer to her breast,  
Though no moisture that could give,  
Warmth not any there did live ;  
And herself forgetting quite,  
Wailed for that poor shuddering wight ;  
Who, beholding her to weep,  
And that long low wail to keep,  
Wailed and wept himself as well,  
Though his grief he could not tell.  
Yet amid her keenest ill,  
She in God found comfort still ;

And when day by day the doe  
Through the ice and through the snow  
Came—a constant visitant,  
To that poor child ministrant,—  
Blest assurance, token clear  
Of his grace she welcomed here:—  
It may be, now thanked Him more  
Than she ever thanked before,  
Could his wondrous guidance praise,  
That had from the world's vain ways,  
From its flatteries and its wiles,  
From its heart-deluding smiles  
Her delivered, and had brought,  
By rough paths she had not sought—  
But which now she could discern,  
And their gracious meaning learn—  
To this shelter safe, though stern.

## VII.

Mourned this painful hermitess  
Of the lonely wilderness,—  
Lowly kneeling, mourned one day,  
Did with eyes uplifted pray,  
In a trance-like agony  
Sunken, when she seemed to see,  
From that bright superior coast,  
One of its angelic host

Stooping toward her;—awful fear  
In his visage did appear,  
And his front was bent before  
That which in his hand he bore:  
Only hands of Angels ought  
Lovely as that cross had wrought,  
With the image there suspended,  
In which Love and Death contended :  
And this cross he reached to her,—  
This angelic comforter;  
And her agony beguiled  
With these soothing words and mild :  
“Genoveva, take thou this,  
Take it for the boon it is,  
Choicest blessing, costliest boon,  
That God’s treasure-house doth own,  
Gift He keepeth for his friends,  
And to thee at this time sends.  
Hither be thy glances sent,  
When thy soul with pangs is rent;  
Set on this thine eyes and heart,  
When impatient movements start;  
This shall as a shield repel  
All the fiery darts of hell;  
This shall prove a golden key,  
Heaven unlocking unto thee.”

Was it vision? was it truth?  
Dream, or very waking sooth?

Did an heavenly Messenger,  
Did an Angel talk with her?  
She hath started from her trance,  
Round she flings a timorous glance;  
There doth no one now appear  
By her side, far off or near:  
Yet in rocky niche upright,  
Plain before her waking sight,  
Lo! a crucifix—it stands  
Beauteous, as if angel hands  
Had that ivory work divine  
Wrought into salvation's sign.  
This in summer she alway  
Did adorn with flowery may,  
Ever decked it as she could,  
With the wild flowers of the wood;  
Nor in barest winter left  
Of all ornament bereft,  
But with mosses would entwine,  
Or with dark unfading pine.  
Here her solace found she still  
In extremities of ill,  
In her Saviour's five wounds laid  
All her griefs, her anguish stayed :  
Here, when once she did complain,  
Uttering words of hasty pain,  
“ Jesu, Saviour, what is this?  
What have I so much amiss

Wrought, how sinnèd against thee  
More than all, that I should be  
For a vile adulteress  
Driven into this wilderness,  
To this anguish and this shame?"  
Seemed it then that accents came  
From that cross, and named her name :  
"Genoveva, is it well  
At my chastening to rebel?  
Are thy sufferings more than mine?  
Or had I more guilt than thine?  
Yet was I put forth from heaven,  
By my Father I was given  
To my cross and mortal woe :  
Look on me, and looking, so  
Learn to bear thy present ill,  
And what thou must suffer still."  
This her Saviour's mild rebuke  
To her heart with shame she took,  
And no word of discontent,  
Whatsoever griefs he sent,  
Did she ever speak again,  
But her passion and her pain  
Did with meekest heart sustain,  
Yea, did welcome and approve  
For the gifts of highest love.

Then she found how wildest creatures—  
How the wild wood's savage natures

At Heaven's bidding could be made  
Ministers to yield her aid ;  
Came the wolf, yet not to harm,  
But a shaggy sheepskin warm  
In his teeth one day he bore ;  
This he cast the child before,  
In its woolly folds henceforth  
Shielded from the bitterest north ;  
And the beasts to him grew tame,  
Round him without fear they came,  
Came the gentle creatures near,  
Without fierceness, without fear ;  
As he wandered through the wood,  
With their speaking gestures showed  
What were harmful herbs and good,—  
With the boy made pastime ; he  
Of the wilderness was free—  
Rode upon the wolf, and played  
With the swift hare on the glade ;  
Round his head the birds would flit,  
On his hand the birds alit ;  
And the mother and the child  
Of their misery oft beguiled  
With melodious descants wild.  
And as he to more years grew  
Lacked she not some comfort new ;  
Sweetest words with him she changed,  
Whence her heart was oft estranged

Of the grief which on it lay,—  
Taught him in what words to pray,  
How he should “Our Father” say,  
And his little hands above  
Lift unto a God of love,  
Who was watching for them still,  
Who, in midst of all their ill,  
For the desolate had cared:—  
Thus with them long while it fared.

## VIII.

But the Count, whom prosperous hours  
Back to his ancestral towers  
Bring, and to his widowed bowers,  
How shall he, this lone man, bear  
The approach and entrance there?  
Lonely man! though at his side  
Troops of friends and vassals ride;  
Lonely man! though at his gate  
Him ten thousand welcomes wait;  
Heart unwelcomed home, although  
Thousand voices skyward go;  
Thousand voices fill the air,  
But the one is lacking there.  
How shall he endure to pace  
Those long echoing halls, and trace  
Each remembered happy place,

Haunted each with its own ghost  
Of some ancient splendour lost,  
Each with its own vision bright  
Of some forfeited delight  
Rising clear upon his sight?  
How beside a cold hearth stand,  
Quenched by his own reckless hand?  
He has borne it, man forlorn!  
Borne—for all things may be borne;  
And he lives, nor freedom asks  
From life's ordinary tasks,  
Him though oft the crowded hall,  
And the thronging festival,  
With that dreariest sense oppress  
Of a peopled wilderness;  
Though the crowds that to and fro  
On their busy errands go,  
Ofttimes seem with all their tasks  
But so many gibbering masks;  
Though he oft must contemplate  
The strange mockeries of fate,  
Which with hand profuse had shed  
Gifts so many on his head,  
Which had lent him splendour, fame.  
And a glory round his name,  
Honor, due to him whose hand  
Helped to free his native land,

Yet withdrew the single thing  
Which to all a worth would bring.—  
And the years give no relief,  
Mellowing an austerer grief :  
But a melancholy dim,  
Dark and darker, fell on him.  
Round him, when his state they knew,  
Friends and faithful kinsmen drew  
With consoling words and speech,  
Which his heart's wound cannot reach :  
Yet he strives not, when the morn  
They will greet with hawk and horn ;  
Still he yields a sad consent,  
Is with every-thing content,  
Feast, or chase, or tournament.  
“Brother,” so to him one day  
Did his faithful kinsman say—  
“Oft a milk-white hind is seen  
On that belt of tender green,  
Skirting the dark forest vast  
We so many times have past ;  
Seen it flieth, but with flight  
As it would pursuit invite ;  
Though remaining unpursued  
In that deep and haunted wood  
To this hour ;—with hound and horn  
We will rouse to-morrow morn :

And methinks we shall not there  
Fail to find some quarry rare,  
That or other, which shall greet  
Friends that here to-morrow meet."

## IX.

It is day ;—with hound and horn—  
They have roused that morrow morn—  
Have the milk-white creature found  
On that edge of grassy ground—  
And with eager steps pursued  
Far into the gloomy wood;  
Till the hunters, one by one,  
By the length of way foredone,  
Rein their steeds—but onward still,  
Thorough brake and over hill,  
Down steep glen, thro' foaming river,  
Doth Count Siegfried follow ever.  
Wild and wilder grows the scene,  
Seems it step of man hath been  
Never in this savage place:  
He too now foregoes the chase,  
For he sees another sight  
Which hath shook him with the might,  
Brave albeit, of strange affright.

—“ Who art thou, by none befriended,  
Only of that hind attended,  
Which has fled with steps so fleet  
To the refuge of thy feet—  
Housing in the desert’s heart,  
From all Christian souls apart ?  
Who art thou ? come forth and tell  
If a sprite of heaven or hell ?”

—“ Shall I in thy sight appear,  
Cast me in thy mantle here,  
Else I cannot without blame  
Stand before thee ;”—forth she came  
Wrapt in it ; there stood also  
By her side the fearless doe ;

—“ Here of free choice dwell I not,  
But have still my God besought  
He would guide of his good grace  
Human steps to this drear place.  
He has heard those prayers of mine,  
And has guided even thine.  
What of me thou fain wouldest know,  
I too willingly will show—  
I, this wretched and forlorn  
Woman, in Brabant was born ;  
No ignoble stock was mine,  
For I came of princely line ;  
But must find in worst distress  
Shelter in this wilderness,

When my husband erringly  
Of my truth misdeemed, and me  
With my infant would have then  
Slain by hands of evil men."

Then exceeding tremblings came  
Over all Count Siegfried's frame.  
On her face a fixed regard  
Turned he—that was all so marred  
He could read no history there—  
"But thy name and his declare :"—  
—"If my own self I have not,  
As the world has me, forgot,  
I am Genoveva hight."  
From his steed he fell outright  
On the moment when she came  
To the syllabbling that name,  
Down upon his face he fell,  
As by stroke invisible  
Earthward smitten—there lay long,  
And his sobs were thick and strong,  
Choking utterance—till his head  
He a little raising, said :  
"Genoveva, can it be  
That I now should look on thee,  
Thee, my own, my murdered wife,  
Genevieve, my love, my life?  
Oh how wan! how worn! how weak!  
Oh that eye! that sunken cheek!"

Oh the utter misery  
That my guilt has brought on thee!  
Canst thou, Genevieve, forgive?  
Wilt thou bid this wretch to live?  
Low before thy feet I lie,  
Thousand deaths if I should die,  
And in each a thousand years,—  
Drain my heart's blood out in tears,  
All were nothing to my sin—  
Then free pardon let me win :  
Pardon for his sake I crave,  
Who upon his cross forgave.”  
—“Oh my husband, all is past,  
God is good, and He at last  
Of his grace has brought this day.  
If thou wishest, I will say  
That I pardon—rise, oh rise !  
With these sobs and agonies  
Thou wilt kill my heart outright ;  
See too who appears in sight—  
O my sweet child come, you may  
Fling those herbs and roots away.  
Fear not, sweetest, you will find  
That the man is good and kind.”  
—“Cause too just he has to fear ;  
Oh to think ye two were here  
All this while, and I so near !

Thou, and he whom I am bold  
To a father's heart to fold."

But enough, what words can tell  
Of a joy unspeakable?—  
Of the tranced long embrace,  
(In his bosom hid her face,)  
With its gush of mingling tears  
Worth a thousand torturing years.

Others have arrived, to share  
In the holy gladness there;  
Through the forest tidings fly,  
And all draw in wonder nigh.  
Near her timidly they draw,  
And they kiss her feet in awe,  
While to them she doth appear  
Creature of another sphere.  
Faith they scarcely will afford  
To the assurance of their lord,  
'Tis their mistress lost so long,  
Overliving all her wrong.  
Now a litter is in haste  
Of green branches interlaced,  
And on it their lady borne,  
By her grief and joy outworn.  
Yet or ever from that spot,  
From that stern and rugged grot  
Genoveva turned away,  
Lowly kneeling will she pay

Thankful vows from grateful heart,  
Ere she from that cave depart,  
For the mercy and the grace  
Which had found her in that place,  
Kissed with tears the holy rood,  
Where in rocky niche it stood—  
—“Fare thee well!—I leave thee here,  
For so many memories dear,  
Thou a shield that didst repel  
All the fiery darts of hell,  
Thou that wast a golden key,  
Heaven unlocking unto me.  
With these tears once more I say,  
Fare thee well—I go away,  
But what here has been my gain  
May it with me still remain !”

To the castle now doth hie  
A rejoicing company,  
While from village and from town  
Others stream to meet them soon,  
As in triumph one doth bear  
High in arms the new-found heir ;  
Round his head the glad birds flit,  
Singing on his hand they sit,  
Glad farewells they seem to sing,  
His new fortunes welcoming.  
Nor doth not the fearless doe  
In the glad procession go,

Has its own peculiar dower  
In the glory of this hour :  
Round it shouting children press,  
Smooth its sides with fond caress,  
Kiss its face, and slender neck  
With their flowery garlands deck,  
While all praise the gentle hind,  
And its ministrations kind.

## X.

Joy is in Count Siegfried's bowers,  
Joy upon those ancient towers,  
Festal gladness in the room  
Of that weight of brooding gloom ;  
Nor doth she, whose presence bright  
Chased the darkness of that night,  
Bringing back return of light,  
In this joy refuse her share :—  
Yet another, higher care  
Fills her heart—how best to keep  
Those heights difficult and steep,  
Which her spirit did attain  
In its years of desert pain—  
Him her pattern still to own,  
Wearer of the thorny crown.  
To the Count, as more he knows,  
Ever loftier wonder grows

At her saintly virtues high—  
Aye a sadder certainty,  
That he will not long retain  
His new-won and glorious gain.  
She doth meekly undertake  
All life's tasks for his dear sake ;  
Yet she evermore doth seem  
Like one moving in a dream,  
Or as one called back from death,  
Strangely drawing vital breath ;  
All so wondrous doth the stir  
Of our life appear to her ;  
All so little to her mind,  
Doth she now its pageants find.  
And not many months have been,  
Ere of every eye 'tis seen  
That the hour is nearly come,  
When the weary one will home ;  
Ere too plain the work appears  
Of those cruel wasting years.  
Every day her pale pale face  
Wears a more unearthly grace :  
Angel wings are o'er her head,  
Angel feet about her bed :  
She doth catch in trances high  
Heaven's transcending melody ;  
Enters by heaven's golden doors,  
Treads upon its sapphire floors,

And clear voices do not cease  
Warning her of near release—  
Sounds she may interpret well,  
Wherefore sent, and what they tell;  
Yet to him will not impart  
That she may not rend his heart:  
For what anguish had they brought  
To his soul, who well had thought  
To atone that mighty wrong  
By a life of service long,  
By long years of service true  
And devotion ever new—  
But must now seem torn and scattered,  
By this stroke for ever shattered,  
That fond vision, by whose art  
He had many times in part  
Spoken peace unto his heart.

## XI.

Gently speak and lightly tread,  
'Tis the chamber of the dead.  
Now thine earthly course is run,  
Now thy weary day is done;  
Genoveva, sainted one!  
Happy flight thy sprite has taken,  
From its plumes earth's last dust shaken :

On the earth is passionate weeping,  
Round thy bier lone vigils keeping.—  
In the heaven triumphant songs,  
Welcome of angelic throngs,  
As thou enterest on that day  
Which no tears nor fears allay,  
No regrets nor pangs affray,  
Hemmed not in by yesterday,  
By to-morrow hemmed not in.  
Weep not for her—she doth win  
What we long for; now is she  
That which all desire to be.  
Bear her forth with solemn cheer,  
Bear her forth on open bier,  
That the wonder which hath been  
May of every eye be seen.  
Wonderful! that pale worn brow  
Death hath scarcely sealed, and now  
All the beauty that she wore  
In the youthful years before,  
All the freshness and the grace,  
And the bloom upon her face,  
Ere that seven-yeared distress  
In the painful wilderness,  
Ere that wasting sickness came,  
Undermining quite her frame,  
All come back—the light, the hue  
Tinge her cheek and lip anew:

Far from her, oh! far away,  
All that is so quick to say,  
'Man returneth to his clay:'  
All that to our creeping fear  
Whispers of corruption near.  
Seems it as she would illume  
With her radiance and her bloom  
The dark spaces of the tomb.

## XII.

Once again thou art alone,  
From that other sorrow thrown  
All too quickly upon this:  
Oh, few days of fleeting bliss!  
Where shall they who fain would speak  
Comfort now, the mourner seek?  
'Mid his old ancestral towers,  
His twice-desolated bowers?  
On the battle-fields of Spain,  
Where the hardy Goths maintain  
Their Asturian mountains well,  
Thrusting back the infidel?  
Rather in the deep recess  
Of a pathless wilderness,  
Out of knowledge, out of sight,  
Seek a lonely eremite.

Him has good Hidulphus blest,  
Praised his purpose, and his quest  
(Even before this life shall close)  
Of a place of sure repose.  
So a Church in that wild wood  
Rises, where that cross had stood :  
Underneath the altar high  
Genoveva's relics lie :  
And that cross, of Angel hands  
Wrought, above the altar stands.  
He, within a rugged grot,  
In the very self-same spot  
Where she saw those cruel years,  
Where she wept those many tears,  
Dwells—where Genoveva dwelt,  
Kneels—where Genoveva knelt ;  
From the self-same spring doth take  
Water for his thirst to slake,  
Often knows no other food  
Than the wild roots of the wood ;  
Well content to undergo  
Some small portion of the woe  
Which so long he made her know.  
There he waits for his release,  
There in God finds perfect peace :—  
Till the long years end at last,  
And he too at length has past

From the sorrow and the fears,  
From the anguish and the tears,  
From the desolate distress  
Of this world's great loneliness,  
From its withering and its blight,  
From the shadow of its night,  
Into God's pure sunshine bright.



# **THE STEADFAST PRINCE.**

## NOTE.

THE subject of the following Poem was first suggested to me by Calderon's noble drama, *El Principe Constante*, accessible not only to the Spanish, but, through Schlegel's admirable translation, to the German scholar also: from it also I have derived the name. I am, however, much more indebted to a *Life* of the Prince, published at Berlin, 1827, which gives many original documents connected with the unfortunate expedition to Africa, and actual details of the captivity, sufferings, and death of the Prince;—a little volume which strikingly exemplifies how far richer and deeper will oftentimes be the simple truth than any fiction; since all that even so great a poet as Calderon has imagined for the casting of a glory round his Christian hero is weak and poor, compared with the simple reality;—which, however, I have not so strictly followed, but that I have felt myself at liberty to alter and modify the details as best suited my purpose.

It may be of interest to the English reader to know how much of English blood was in the veins of the Prince:—his mother, Philippa, who married John the First of Portugal, was sister to our fourth Henry.

## THE STEADFAST PRINCE.

Only the best composed and worthiest hearts  
God sets to act the hard'st and constant'st parts.—DANIEL.

### PART I.

#### I.

O F all the princes that in lofty place  
With lowly virtues did adornèd stand,  
Whom better did these lowly virtues grace  
Than all their worldly state, might none demand  
A nobler meed of praise than Ferdinand,  
Brother of him, whose sceptre ruled of old  
Where Tagus pours its waves o'er sands of gold.

#### II.

He knew no higher gladness than to tend  
The poor, the needy, whom uncomforted  
Not ever from his portals he would send,  
Whom sick he watched beside contagious bed,  
And whom an-hungered his large bounty fed ;  
While loving words made ever doubly prized  
The gracious acts which he for all devised.

## III.

And only was he rigid and severe  
With his own self, his weak frame chastening still  
With long-drawn fasts and discipline austere,  
With vigils which the long night-watches fill :  
Yet leaving not to seek all knightly skill  
In lists of arms, arrayed in knightly weeds,  
Against some coming day of martial deeds.

## IV.

For like a clear flame in his bosom burned,  
As on an holy altar, fiery zeal,  
Though not for meeds of earthly fame he yearned,  
Nor willingly for these had bared his steel ;  
But greatly longed some land that now did feel  
The yoke of misbelieving men, once more  
To his Redeemer's kingdoms to restore.

## V.

He, long restricted to unwelcome ease,  
To see renewed his Father's glories yearned,  
Who with two hundred vessels crossed the seas,  
And for himself a noble title earned,  
As first who to the infidels returned  
The wrongs they wrought on Spain, and with high hand  
Made Ceuta his, the key of all their land.

## VI.

Oh day, when many a heart beat high and fast,  
When his exultingly did bound and leap,  
For that despaired of long was come at last ;  
Once more a gallant host was on the deep,  
And every vessel did its due course keep  
For Afric, and at each prow unconfin'd  
A Red-cross banner floated on the wind.

## VII.

Far off, that fleet might seem a wandering troop  
Of huge sea-monsters, gambolling at will  
Upon the topmost surge ; or clouds that stoop  
And lean on ocean's breast, themselves to fill  
With water, which they back in rain distil ;  
Or flock of snow-white sea-birds, that expand  
Huge never-wearied pinions, far from land.

## VIII.

Or now he might that goodly sight compare,  
Who saw it from afar, to forest vast  
In motion, that did all its pines upbear—  
They tossing their tall heads, as every mast  
Now rose, now yielded to the unsteady blast ;  
Or now had deemed them, proudly thus advancing,  
A city on the inconstant billows dancing.

## IX.

Oh joy, when they by tempests unassailed  
Set their firm feet upon the Libyan shore,  
While loud and clear the holy hymn prevailed,  
Which oftentimes heard in Palestine before,—  
“The standards of the King advance,”\*—once more  
Filled now the air, and seemed the prelude high  
Of near success and certain victory.

## X.

—Long were it and a mournful task to tell  
How this fair dawn of triumph was defaced  
With wrack of envious clouds, and how befell,  
And by whose fault, that with untimely haste  
They were entangled in the desert waste;  
Wherein they deeper day by day were led,  
Still deeming that the foe before them fled:

## XI.

Till when the scorching heat of Afrič's sun,  
With alternating dews of chilly night,  
And pain and travail had their office done,  
And theirs already was an evil plight,  
A dawning morning showed them every height  
Crowned with innumerable hosts, that hemmed their  
way,  
Then rushed to seize an unresisting prey.

\* *Vexilla Regis prodeunt.*

## XII.

Yet did not then that instant peril tame  
The courage of that high heroic band :  
The bold Crusaders, worthy that high name,  
With dauntless front from morn to evening stand ;  
Although when darkness did at length command  
Brief truce from arms, the boldest needs must own  
That to retrace their steps remained alone.

## XIII.

Back to their ships they wound in sad retreat,  
Envolved ever in a fiery cloud  
Of dust and burning sand, which by their feet  
Stirred, hung around them like a dismal shroud :  
And choked by agony of thirst, they crowd  
Round scanty desert wells, and thence in vain  
Strive to assuage their fierce and torturing pain.

## XIV.

The hopes of triumph now had quite departed,  
But an austerer glory still remained,—  
Still to abide 'mid failing hearts high-hearted ;  
And though the light that lit their path had waned,  
And by no hope of victory sustained,  
Still to do well what still was to be done ;—  
The Prince amid defeat this glory won.

## xv.

But ever as they drew the shore more near,  
And as each ship received its willing freight,  
The Moorish squadrons on their feeble rear  
And their diminishing ranks with added weight,  
With louder cries and more tumultuous hate,  
Thronged, pressing on more fiercely and more fast :  
He who had been the first, was now the last.

## xvi.

He fain the last would quit the hostile shore,  
Who leaped the foremost on its fatal strand :  
Around him throng the Moors, behind, before :  
Of those true-hearted that beside him stand  
Some fall in death—the noble Ferdinand,  
(Skill, courage, and despair alike in vain,)  
In the foe's hands a captive must remain.

## xvii.

—“ Not in ignoble bondage, nor for long,  
If Christian hearts can worth or valour prize,  
O gallant Prince, shalt thou endure this wrong,  
This unbeseeming yoke, which on thee lies ; ”  
With such well-sounding gentle courtesies  
The Mauritanian king him greeted fair,  
When of his prisoner's high estate aware.

## xviii.

“To-morrow a swift ship shall cleave the main,  
Bearing this message to the Tagus’ shore,  
That freedom shall to thee be given again,  
If Ceuta will thy brother hold no more,  
But unto us its rightful lords restore ;  
This for a brother will not be denied :  
Meanwhile with me, my guest thou shalt abide.”

## xix.

Frank recognition of his grace the Prince  
Rendered again—yet did not, when he heard  
Of that so near deliverance, joy evince,  
Nor of that ransom answered he a word :  
Only it seemed some thought within him stirred,  
That some large thought was stirring in his breast,  
Which he had well-nigh spoke and then repress.

## xx.

But now there waned not many moons, before  
By favouring breezes wafted o’er the sea  
They came, the prompt ambassadors that bore  
Large powers to set the princely captive free ;  
Whom at this cost did ransom willingly  
His loving brother, and did only yearn  
That he should hasten his desired return.

## xxi.

And all seemed finished now, when "Hear me," cried  
The Prince—"hear *me*, although a captive thrall:  
Ye know that if my brother childless died,  
Mine would be then the throne of Portugal:  
While this is so, no power has he at all  
Aught of its state to alienate or lose,  
Unless with my consent, which I refuse.

## xxii.

"Shall that fair city, on whose walls my Sire  
With his own hands first planted the five shields  
Of Portugal—shall Ceuta, glorious hire  
Of labours long on stormy battle-fields,  
Which o'er this land such broad dominion wields,  
Be in a moment bartered for one poor  
And worthless life? who would such thought endure?

## xxiii.

"Its golden crosses glittering in the air,  
Shall they give place to crescents foul and pale?  
And for glad bells that call to Christian prayer,  
The muezzin's melancholy voice prevail,  
Bidding to impious rites? and at the tail  
Of horses shall our images divine  
Be dragged?—to stables turned each sacred shrine?

## xxiv.

“No—rather if just ransom thou for me,  
Such as a faithful man can pay, refuse,  
And for my partners in captivity,—  
For I not any liberty will use,  
In which they share not,—then I rather choose  
Of this poor life whatever may remain,  
Till death release, to spend in captive pain.”

## xxv.

More he had said, but him the Moorish king  
Not suffered to proceed—“And dost thou ween  
To find captivity that easy thing,  
Which by my grace it hitherto has been?  
While thou in me this grace hast only seen,  
Without thine harm thou thinkest to despoil  
Us of the just reward of all our toil.

## xxvi.

“O fool, to think I have no power nor will  
To make thy bondage bitter unto thee!  
That I with gall and wormwood cannot fill  
Brimming the cup of thy captivity!  
Thou art my slave; a slave’s lot thine shall be,  
Labour and pains—and harder to be borne,  
Insult and ignominy, stripes and scorn.

## xxvii.

“But when sore laden with thy shameful task,  
Of thy long bondage thou shalt weary be,  
And when 'mid basest labours thou shalt ask  
For pity, ask it of thyself—not me:  
For thou dost in thine own hands hold the key  
Of thine own prison: yield to me that place,  
Else shalt thou vainly crave the poorest grace.

## xxviii.

“And ye, that did your bootless message bring,  
Go back and say what sight these lands afford—  
A Christian prince, the brother of your king,  
Tending the horses of his Moorish lord.  
Come and redeem him with the spear and sword,  
If ye are willing once again to try  
The welcome of our Moslem chivalry.”

## xxix.

By this from off his shoulders rudest men  
Had torn his decent robes, and garmented  
In prison-dress of coarsest serge, and then  
Him to his task dishonourable led,  
He nought resisting—only this he said,  
“If that herein there be dishonour, thine  
Is the dishonour and the shame, not mine.”

## xxx.

And his companions each and all were borne  
One way or other to some servile toil,  
'Mid blows and curses and tumultuous scorn,—  
Whom all were free to buffet and to spoil,  
Until they wet that cruel Afric soil  
With mingled blood and tears, and scarcely thought  
They would with life to that day's end be brought:

## xxxI.

So that when they were thrust in harshest wise  
Into a noisome vault at that day's close,  
That noisome vault appeared a paradise,  
Because it gave some shelter from the blows,  
The taunts and insults of their cruel foes—  
Because its bars and iron-strengthened gate  
Rose strong between them and that clamorous hate.

## xxxII.

But when there lacked not of their number one,  
The Prince so joyed, as though he found reward  
For all the suffering he that day had known:  
Yet when a light permitted to regard  
Their garments rent, swoln hands, and faces marred,  
He, strong before all weakness to restrain,  
Not any longer might from tears refrain.

## xxxiii.

—“Dear friends, that I have dragged you down with me  
Into this gulf of woe, this makes my smart,  
That of this suffering and captivity  
I may not for myself claim every part:  
Oh this it is that causes my weak heart  
To die within me;—tell me you forgive  
Only this wrong, and I again shall live.”

## xxxiv.

Nothing they spake; but of that faithful band  
One after other rising from his place  
Drew near, and knelt and kissed the Prince’s hand,  
As though that hand dispersed all gifts and grace:  
He raised and wound them in a strict embrace  
One after other—“Brothers of my heart,  
Henceforth for good or ill we never part.”

## xxxv.

—“Oh, wish us not then any more away,  
Our dear, dear Lord—nor grudge to us our share  
In this high suffering”—so they all did say—  
“What could we ask more goodly or more fair,  
Than that when men hereafter shall declare  
Thy noble patience, they should then as well  
Of us thy servants and true comrades tell ?”

## XXXVI.

But he to them—" We know not what shall be,  
Nor whither these things tend—if that we bore  
To-day of outrage and indignity  
Be but the first and least, and far, far more,  
Yea, mortal suffering be for us in store;  
Or if, when God awhile our faith has proved,  
All suffering shall from us be then removed.

## XXXVII.

" But he who knoweth that we hither came  
Not in the lust of spoil, nor heat of pride,  
Nor with the hope to win ourselves a name,  
But the dear faith of Christ to spread more wide,  
Can give us strength in patience to abide,  
Till one way or another grief has end;  
Then let us unto Him our cause commend."

## XXXVIII.

What of the night remained, when thus the smart  
Of their new bleeding wounds had been allayed  
With the sweet balm of loving words, in part  
Was spent in holy prayer; they knelt and made  
Their supplications unto God for aid;  
And then they did their weary eyelids close  
In blest oblivion of all earthly woes.

## XXXIX.

In dreams they wandered by familiar places  
In their own land, unto their childhood dear ;  
And some were locked in loving fond embraces,  
And sweet the voices of their home and clear  
Came to them ;—pain was gone, and doubt and fear ;  
And all the dreary and the dread Between  
Was gone, like aught which had not ever been.

## XL.

What happy dreams, blest visions without number  
Were scattered by their rude tormentors' tone,  
Snapping in twain the golden links of slumber !  
Then each poor captive staggering rose, as one  
From off whose heart there had been rolled a stone  
A little moment—to return again  
With added weight, a sense of hopeless pain.

## XLI.

And this their mournful life continued long  
Without a change, unless when some new day  
Brought with it some new insult or new wrong,  
Sharp taunt or scorn, which they might not gainsay  
Nor seem to feel; which, if one did repay  
With but an angry look, he then would find  
That there was worse and keener wrong behind.

## XLII.

But, oh ! what gladness was it when they met,  
The long day's miserable task-work o'er,  
In their dank vault, and shared the black bread set,  
With water from dank pools drawn, them before :  
Then made they of that coarse and scanty store  
A glorious meal, for love makes all things sweet,  
And it is always joy when brethren meet.

## XLIII.

Yet oft the wantonness of fell despite  
Would grudge them this poor respite of their woes ;  
And then harsh voices in the middle night,  
Just as their leaden eyelids 'gan to close,  
And their tired limbs were sinking to repose,  
Would bid them forth, and task them to renew  
The past day's work, or merely to undo. •

## XLIV.

Yet amid all still kept his constant mind,  
Not to be wearied out by toil or pain,  
Or all which malice could of outrage find,  
The steadfast Prince ; on him were spent in vain  
All shafts of malice—able to sustain  
Not his own heart alone, but aye to speak  
Strength to the fainting, courage to the weak.

## XLV.

Yet if they cursed their foes, or wished them dead,  
With gentle words, but firm, he would put down  
Such evil thoughts :—“ Shall we be angerèd  
With them that help us to a martyr’s crown ?  
Shall we not rather our tormentors own  
As scourges with which God doth scourge our sin,  
And far unhappier than are we therein ?

## XLVI.

“ Your curses cannot harm them, but can make  
Of your own hearts an hell instead of heaven ;  
Its healing virtue from affliction take,  
And mar all gracious ends for which ’twas given.  
With mortal men ye gloriously have striven ;  
An harder task remains you—to oppose  
.Revenge, and scorn, and hate, far deadlier foes.”

## XLVII.

Yet once, what time the others sleeping lay,  
To one, an aged and faithful servant true,  
Who, though he ’scaped that last disastrous day,  
Yet when his lord’s captivity he knew,  
To share his bondage and his sufferings flew,—  
He once unto this faithful servant old  
More of his inmost bosom did unfold :

## LVIII.

“ To these, my poor companions, seem I strong,  
And at some times such am I, as a rock  
That has upstood in middle ocean long,  
And braved the winds’ and waters’ angriest shock,  
Counting their fury but an idle mock:  
Yet sometimes weaker than the weakest wave  
That dies about its base, when storms forget to rave.

## XLIX.

“ I from my God such strength have sometimes won,  
That all the dark dark future I am bold  
To face;—but, oh! far otherwise anon,  
When my heart sinks and sinks to depths untold,  
Till being seems no deeper depth to hold,  
Unfathomed by the line of my despair;  
And with my spirit so it now doth fare.

## L.

“ O God, that I had fall’n with them who fell  
In that disastrous conflict by Tangiers!  
O happy you, my brethren, ending well!  
O not to be lamented with such tears  
As we, condemned to waste inglorious years  
In this captivity, which shall extend,  
Without release, unto life’s utmost end!

## M

## LII.

“ Yet is not here the answer to my prayer?  
For I remember when upon my nod  
Men waited, and the world did speak me fair,  
Then thinking on my Saviour and my God,  
And on the thorny path of life he trod  
With bleeding feet, deep shame would fill my heart,  
That I should in his sufferings bear no part.

## LIII.

“ And then in secret prayed I earnestly  
That I might to some likeness with my Lord—  
Be brought—not courted, praised, and honoured be,  
While he was scorned, and buffeted, and gored  
With cruel wounds: I knew my prayer was heard,  
Though on what side affliction would appear,  
I strove in vain to guess;—now all is clear.”

## THE STEADFAST PRINCE.

### PART II.

#### I.

WHAT man shall say that he the deepest deep  
Has reached, whereto misfortune may him bring?  
That never from her fatal urn may leap  
A lot inscribed with heavier suffering  
Than that he knows? that now of everything  
Which sweetens life his life is stripped so bare,  
That worse with him henceforth it cannot fare!

#### II.

Not he, who had been hurled with impulse rude  
Down from the honourable high estate  
Wherein observed and reverenced once he stood;  
He yet must be misfortune's trustier mate—  
Must lie exposed to keener shafts of fate:  
He, knowing much of ill, must find that more,  
Bitterer and sharper, is for him in store.

## III.

For now his foes, by malice partly moved,  
Because they saw it solaced him to share  
All griefs and labours which the others proved ;  
And how that all, though oft they threatened were,  
And punished for their deed, yet still would bear  
To him all reverence and respect, and bring  
Homage to him as to a crownèd king ;—

## IV.

And partly, for they dreaded lest his frame,  
Which had been ever tender, weak, and frail,  
And evidently weaker now became  
With each succeeding day, should wholly fail,  
Nor longer to sustain itself avail ;—  
Lest it should sink beneath its cruel toil,  
And them of all their promised gain despoil ;—

## V.

They now denied him the sad liberty  
To share whatever pains the others knew :  
Shut in a narrow dungeon must he lie,  
Shut from their fellowship and service true ;  
There he his resolution high may rue,  
If ever ruth on high and noble deeds,  
Whatever consequence they bring, succeeds.

## VI.

Oh dreary months ! months growing into years,  
Which o'er their heads, bringing no respite, past ;  
And they must mingle still their drink with tears,  
While fell upon them thicker and more fast  
The shafts of anguish ;—yet for him at last,  
The noblest sufferer of this suffering band,  
The hour of his deliverance was at hand.

## VII.

For once, when they as usual passed before  
His vault, and softly called him, no reply  
Might they obtain ;—but listening at the door,  
They only heard him breathing heavily,  
And caught at intervals a long-drawn sigh ;  
Till, more times called, he faintly did desire  
Who called to know, and what they might require.

## VIII.

—“ Oh ! fares it, dearest lord, so ill with thee,  
That now thou dost no more our voices know,  
Who once could'st tell us each from each, if we  
Did but so much as near thy dungeon go,  
Bound on our weary errands to and fro ? ”  
—“ Oh, pardon me, my friends,—my extreme pain  
Hath robbed me of all sense and dulled my brain.

## IX

“ But go and say in what an evil case  
I find me now;—perchance they will relent  
So far that I may in this noisome place,  
For my short time remaining, not be pent;  
Or at my prayer they will at least consent  
That one of you may now continue nigh,  
And watch beside me—for, dear friends, I die.”

## X.

To the king’s presence straight they forced their way,  
Regardless of what dangers they might meet:  
Before him prone upon the earth they lay;  
They kissed the very ground beneath his feet,  
Laying the dust with tears, and did entreat  
In anguish that their lord might not be left  
Unhelped to perish, of all aid bereft.

## XI.

But little might they find of pity there;  
New insults and new taunts were all they won;  
These, with rude blows, their only answer were:  
—“ Back to your tasks, ye Christian dogs—begone—  
Away! from me compassion finds he none:  
Let him upon himself compassion show;  
I swear, by heaven, he shall no other know!

## xii.

“What, shall ye come in arms to waste our land,  
God’s people to extirpate shall ye come,  
And then, when it fares ill with you, demand  
Our pity?—no; accept your righteous doom,  
O fools! that in your own land had not room  
To dwell—that had not strength to conquer ours;  
Fools, whose desires so far outstrip your powers!

## xiii.

“Where are they now, that with the fire and sword  
Our land to harry were so free of old?  
Can they no pity to your Prince afford?  
Where is your King, and where your captains bold?  
Or has it not in Portugal been told  
What here is done, and what by him is borne  
Of shame and outrage, and of extreme scorn?”

## xiv.

It seemed that for those votaries of Mahound  
All love, all mercy quite had fled away;  
Yet in one heart this much of grace they found,  
That when their tasks were ended of the day,  
He who the dungeon where the sufferer lay  
Kept, unto them consented to afford  
A brief communion with their dying lord.

## xv.

Admitted there, from cries and loud lament,  
Untimely now, they scarcely could refrain :  
Fain would they with their shrieks the vault have rent ;  
They knelt beside him, kissed his hands, the chain  
That on his wasted limbs did still remain ;  
They cast themselves the dungeon-floor along,  
And tore their beards, and did their faces wrong.

## xvi.

Sobs choked their utterance whoily, to behold  
The lineaments so marred and so defaced,  
Which they had loved and reverenced so of old.  
He too was deeply moved, but sooner chased  
The weakness from him, and with calm replaced :  
Then from the strawen pallet where he lay  
Himself a little raising, thus did say :—

## xvii.

“ If I sometimes an earnest hope have fed,  
That I might breathe again my native air,  
And tread my native soil, this wish was bred  
By the desire I cherished to prepare  
For you such honourable shelter there,  
As could none other do, who did not know  
How truly you have served me in my woe.

## XVIII.

“ For had I sate a king upon my throne,  
All wealth, all honour waiting on mine eye,  
You never could have truer service shown  
Than you *have* shown me in my misery—  
Nor I from any found more loyalty,  
Than that which I *have* found upon your parts,  
O children dear, O true and faithful hearts.

## XIX.

“ And now that I am hastening to my rest,  
One only thought of trouble doth employ  
My soul, that I am leaving you opprest  
With this huge weight of woe ;—the perfect joy  
My bosom feels, knows only this alloy,  
That many, when my lips are sealed in death,  
Will seek to draw you from your holy faith.

## XX.

“ But oh ! whatever of worst ill betide,  
Choose not this manner to evade your woe :  
Be true to God ; on Him in faith abide,  
And sure deliverance you at length shall know ;  
It may be that some path his hand will show  
To your dear earthly homes ; or He will shape  
For you at length my way of glad escape.

## xxi.

“ Be true to God—forsake not Him, and you  
In all your griefs forsake He never will ;  
The true of heart have found Him ever true :  
And this I say, who having known much ill,  
Do now affirm Him faithful to fulfil  
All promises—and boldly say that He  
In all my griefs hath not forsaken me.”

## xxii.

No more he spake ; but speechless sank, oppressed  
With the fierce fever that within him burned ;  
But oh ! what anguish then the hearts possessed  
Of that poor captive band, who weeping turned,  
And their dear lord, as now departed, mourned,—  
Forth filing from that vault, a weeping train  
Who had beheld him now, and should not see again.

## xxiii.

Now seemed they desolate ; for he, although  
Helpless his dearest to defend with power  
From the least insult of the meanest foe,  
Had seemed to them a shelter and a tower  
Of refuge in affliction’s fiercest hour,  
From his lone dungeon spreading broad above  
Their heads the buckler of his faith and love.

## XXIV.

And still the tears flowed faster from their eyes,  
As each his fellow weeping did remind  
Of all his loving gentle courtesies,  
And gracious acts—how oft, as one that pined,  
Even ere that sickness took him, he declined  
His scanty portion of the food prepared,  
Which among them with this pretext he shared.

## XXV.

—“ He knew our fetters’ clank, and with quick ear  
One from another by that mournful sound  
He could discern, nor ever passed we near  
His dungeon, on our weary labour bound,  
But he for us some words of comfort found,  
And still he begged us pardon him, as though  
Himself he owned the cause of all our woe.

## XXVI.

“ And what most grieved him, more than all he bore  
In his own person of injurious wrong,  
Piercing his very bosom’s inmost core,  
Was, if the tale was brought him that among  
Us, his dear children, there had strife upsprung,  
As sometimes did—for grief is quick and wild,—  
Then left he not, till we were reconciled.”

**xxvii.**

—Beside the Prince might only one remain  
In that unlighted vault the livelong night :  
Its earlier watches seemed of restless pain,  
Nothing he spake, but tossed from left to right,  
Like one who vainly did some ease invite ;  
Till when it verged toward morning, he that kept  
That anxious vigil deemed the sufferer slept :

**xxviii.**

Or sometimes feared he was already dead,  
So noiseless now that chamber's silence deep ;  
Yet ventured not to speak or stir, for dread  
Lest he should chase away that sweetest sleep  
Of morning, which comes over them that keep  
Pained watches through the night ;—till tardily  
The morning broke, and he drew gently nigh.

**xxix.**

When lo ! with folded palms the martyr lay,  
His eyes unclosed—and stood in each a tear,  
And round his mouth a sweeter smile did play  
Than ever might on mortal lips appear :  
No mortal joy could ever have come near  
The joy that bred that smile—with waking eye  
He seemed to mark some vision streaming by.

## xxx.

Then feared to rouse him from that blessedè trance,  
And back again with noiseless step retired  
That good old man—nor nearer would advance,  
Though of his weal he gladly had required.  
He waited, and a long long hour expired,  
And it was silence still—when to his bed  
Him beckoning soft, the princely sufferer said :

## xxxI.

“ What I shall speak, now promise that to none  
Of all my fellow captives shall be told,  
That not till this poor body shall have gone  
The way of all the earth, thou wilt unfold  
My words, yea evermore in silence hold,  
Unless hereafter should a time betide,  
When by the telling God were glorified.

## xxxII.

“ Two hours or more before the spring of day,  
As I within me mused how poor and leer  
This world, and as in pain I waking lay,  
Thought upon all the happy souls, that here  
Once suffered, but are now exempt from fear  
And pain and wrong, there woke within my breast  
A speechless longing for that heavenly rest.

## xxxiii.

“ Mine eyes were steadfastly toward the wall  
Turned, when I saw a wondrous vision there;  
I saw a vision bright, majestical,  
One seated on a throne—and many fair  
And dazzling shapes before Him gathered were,  
With palms in hand—such glory from his face  
Was shed, as lightened all this dismal place.

## xxxiv.

“ This dismal vault, this dungeon of deep gloom,  
This sunless dwelling of eternal night,  
Which I have felt so long my living tomb,  
Showed like the court of heaven—so clear, so bright,  
So full of odours, harmonies and light :  
And music filled the air—an heavenly strain,  
That rose awhile, and then was hushed again.

## xxxv.

“ Then one came forward from that blessed throng,  
And kneeled to him, and said—‘ Compassion take  
On this thy servant, who has suffered long  
Such great and heavy troubles for thy sake,  
We thank thee, Lord, that Thou so soon wilt make  
Thy servant’s many woes to end, that he  
Into our choir admitted now will be.’

**XXXVI.**

“ When thus I heard him speak, I marked him well,  
And by his banner and his scales, I knew  
It was the great Archangel Michaël :  
And by his side there knelt another too,  
Who in one hand a chalice held in view,  
The other clasped a book, and there was writ,  
‘ In the beginning was the Word,’ in it.

**XXXVII.**

“ But then my Lord, my Saviour turned to me,  
And with sweet smile ineffable He said,  
‘ To-day thou comest hence and shalt be free’?  
With music, as it came, then vanishèd  
The vision ; but within me it has bred  
Sweet comfort that remains, and now I know  
To-day I leave the world, and end my woe.

**XXXVIII.**

“ My Lord, my God, what wondrous grace is this,  
That thou hast not disdained to visit me,  
And give me tidings of my coming bliss?  
Who am I, sinful man, so graced to be?  
Oh, gladly will I bear whate’er by Thee  
May be appointed, ere my race be run,  
Of pain or travail—Lord, thy will be done.”

## XXXIX.

In calmest quiet, waiting his release,  
When he had finished thus his prayer, he lay :  
“Lord, now thou lettest me depart in peace,”  
Were the last words which he was heard to say,  
Upon his left side turning, as the day  
Slow sinking now with more than usual pride  
Streamed through the prison bars, a glory deep and wide.

## XL.

When the last flush had faded from the west,  
When the last streak of golden light was gone,  
They looked, but he had entered on his rest;  
He too his haven of repose had won ;—  
Leaving this truth to be gainsaid by none,  
That what the scroll upon his shield did say,  
That well his life had proved—*Le bien me plaît.*

## ORPHEUS AND THE SIRENS.

Orpheus laudes Deorum cantans et reboans, Sirenum voces confudit et summovit: meditationes enim rerum divinarum voluptates sensus non tantum potestate, sed etiam suavitate superant.—Lord Bacon's *Sapientia Veterum*.

### I.

HIGH on the poop, with many a godlike peer,  
With heroes and with kings, the flower of Greece,  
That gathered at his word from far and near,  
To snatch the guarded fleece,

### II.

Great Jason stood; nor ever from the soil  
The anchor's brazen tooth unfastenèd,  
Till, auspiciating so his glorious toil,  
From golden cup he shed

### III.

Libations to the Gods, to highest Jove,  
To Waves and prospering Winds, to Night and Day,  
To all by whom befriended they might prove  
A favourable way.

## IV.

With him the twins—one mortal, one divine—  
    Of Leda, and the Strength of Hercules;  
And Tiphys, steersman through the perilous brine,  
    And many more with these:

## V.

Great father, Peleus, of a greater son,  
    And Atalanta, martial queen, was here;  
And that supreme Athenian, nobler none,  
    And Idmon, holy seer.

## VI.

Nor Orpheus pass unnamed, though from the rest  
    Apart, he leaned upon that lyre divine,  
Which once in heaven his glory should attest,  
    Set there, a sacred sign: .

## VII.

But when auspicious thunders pealed on high,  
    Unto its chords and to his chant sublime  
The joyful heroes, toiling manfully,  
    With measured strokes kept time.

## VIII.

Then when that keel divided first the waves,  
    Them Chiron cheered from Pelion's piny crown,  
And wondering sea-nymphs rose from ocean caves,  
    And all the Gods looked down.

## IX.

The bark divine, itself instinct with life,  
Went forth, and baffled ocean's rudest shocks,  
Escaping, though with pain and arduous strife,  
The huge encountering rocks;

## X.

And force and fraud o'ercome, and peril past,  
Its hard-won trophy raised in open view,  
Through prosperous floods was bringing home at last  
Its high heroic crew;

## XI.

Till now they cried (*Ææa left behind,*  
*And the dead waters of the Cronian main,*)  
“No peril more upon our path we find,  
Safe haven soon we gain.”

## XII.

When, as they spake, sweet sounds upon the breeze  
Came to them, melodies till now unknown,  
And blended into one delight with these,  
Sweet odours sweetly blown,—

## XIII.

Sweet odours wafted from the flowery isle,  
Sweet music breathèd by the Sirens three,  
Who there lie wait, all passers to beguile,  
Fair monsters of the sea!

## xiv.

Fair monsters foul, that with their magic song  
And beauty to the shipman wandering  
Worse peril than disastrous whirlpools strong,  
Or fierce sea-robbers bring.

## xv.

Sometimes upon the diamond rocks they leant,  
Sometimes they sate upon the flowery lea  
That sloped toward the wave, and ever sent  
Shrill music o'er the sea.

## xvi.

One piped, one sang, one swept the golden lyre ;  
And thus to forge and fling a threefold chain  
Of linkèd harmony the three conspire,  
O'er land and hoary main.

## xvii.

The winds, suspended by the charmèd song,  
Shed treacherous calm about that fatal isle ;  
The waves, as though the halcyon o'er its young  
Were always brooding, smile ;

## xviii.

And every one that listens, presently  
Forgetteth home, and wife, and children dear,  
All noble enterprise and purpose high,  
And turns his pinnace here,—

## xix.

He turns his pinnace, warning taking none  
From the plain doom of all that went before,  
Whose bones lie bleaching in the wind and sun,  
And whiten all the shore.\*

## xx.

He cannot heed,—so sweet unto him seems  
To reap the harvest of the promised joy;  
The wave-worn man of such secure rest dreams,  
So guiltless of annoy.

## xxi.

—The heroes and the kings, the wise, the strong,  
That won the fleece with cunning and with might,  
*Their souls were taken in the net of song,*  
Snared in that false delight;

## xxii.

Till ever loathlier seemed all toil to be,  
And that small space they yet must travel o'er,  
Stretched, an immeasurable breadth of sea,  
Their fainting hearts before.

\* Lord Bacon gives finely the inner meaning of this—namely, exempla calamitatum, licet clara et conspicua, contra voluptatum corruptelas non multum proficere.

## xxiii.

“Let us turn hitherward our bark,” they cried,  
“And, ’mid the blisses of this happy isle,  
Past toil forgetting and to come, abide  
In joyfulness awhile;

## xxiv.

“And then, refreshed, our tasks resume again,  
If other tasks we yet are bound unto,  
Combing the hoary tresses of the main  
With sharp swift keel anew.”

## xxv.

O heroes, that had once a nobler aim,  
O heroes sprung from many a godlike line,  
What will ye do, unmindful of your fame,  
And of your race divine ?

## xxvi.

But they, by these prevailing voices now  
Lured, evermore draw nearer to the land,  
Nor saw the wrecks of many a goodly prow,  
That strewed that fatal strand;

## xxvii.

Or seeing, feared not; warning taking none  
From the plain doom of all who went before,  
Whose bones lay bleaching in the wind and sun,  
And whitened all the shore.

xxviii.

And some impel through foaming billows now  
The hissing keel, and some tumultuous stand  
Upon the deck, or crowd about the prow,  
Waiting to leap to land.

xxix.

And them this fatal lodestar of delight  
Had drawn to ruin wholly, but for one  
Of their own selves, who struck his lyre with might,  
Calliope's great son.

xxx.

He singing, (for mere words were now in vain,  
That melody so led all souls at will,)  
Singing he played, and matched that earth-born strain  
With music sweeter still.

xxxi.

Of holier joy he sang, more true delight,  
In other happier isles for them reserved,  
Who, faithful here, from constancy and right  
And truth have never swerved;

xxxii.

How evermore the tempered ocean gales  
Breathe round those hidden islands of the blest,  
Steeped in the glory spread, when daylight fails,  
Far in the sacred West;

xxxiii.

How unto them, beyond our mortal night,  
Shines evermore in strength the golden day ;  
And meadows with purpureal roses bright  
Bloom round their feet alway ;

xxxiv.

And plants of gold—some burn beneath the sea,  
And some, for garlands apt, the land doth bear,  
And lacks not many an incense-breathing tree,  
Enriching all that air.

xxxv.

Nor need is more, with sullen strength of hand  
To vex the stubborn earth, or plough the main ;  
They dwell apart, a calm heroic band,  
Not tasting toil or pain.

xxxvi.

Nor sang he only of unfading bowers,  
Where they a tearless painless age fulfil,  
In fields Elysian spending blissful hours,  
Remote from every ill ;

xxxvii.

But of pure gladness found in temperance high,  
In duty owned, and reverenced with awe,  
Of man's true freedom, that may only lie  
In servitude to law ;

## xxxviii.

And how 'twas given through virtue to aspire  
To golden seats in ever-calm abodes ;  
Of mortal men, admitted to the quire  
Of high immortal Gods.

## xxxix.

He sang—a mighty melody divine,  
That woke deep echoes in the heart of each—  
Reminded whence they drew their royal line,  
And to what heights might reach.

## xl.

And all the while they listened, them the speed  
Bore forward still of favouring wind and tide,  
That, when their ears were vacant to give heed  
To any sound beside,

## xli.

The feeble echoes of that other lay,  
Which held awhile their senses thralled and bound,  
Were in the distance fading quite away,  
A dull unheeded sound.

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## QUATRAINS.

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### THE PHœNIX.

WHEN Adam ate of that forbidden food,  
Sole bird that shared not in his sin was I;  
And so my life is evermore renewed,  
And I among the dying never die.

### THE PELICAN.

I am the bird that from my bleeding breast  
Draw the dear stream that nourishes my brood,  
And feebly unto men his love attest,  
True pelican, that feeds them with his blood.

### THE HALCYON.

For twice seven days, in winter's middle rage,  
The winds are hushed, the billows are at rest;  
Heaven all for me their fury doth assuage,  
While I am brooding o'er my fluctuant nest.

### THE COCK.

What time an ass with horrid bray you hear,  
Believe he sees a wicked sprite at hand;  
But when I make my carol loud and clear,  
Know that an angel doth before me stand.

## THE PEACOCK.

I, glorying in my tail's extended pride,  
See my foul legs, and then I shriek outright ;  
So shrieks a human soul, that has descried  
Its baseness 'mid vainglorious self-delight.

## THE EAGLE.

I no degenerate progeny will raise,  
But try my callow offspring, which will look  
In the sun's eye with peremptory gaze,  
Nor other nurslings in my nest will brook.

## THE ERMINE.

To miry places me the hunters drive,  
Where I my robes of purest white must stain ;  
Then yield I, nor for life will longer strive,  
For spotless death ere spotted life is gain.

## THE BEES.

We light on fruits and flowers and purest things ;  
For if on carcases or ought unclean,  
When homeward we returned, with mortal stings  
Would slay us the keen watchers round our queen.

## THE DIAMOND.

I only polished am in mine own dust,  
Nought else against my hardness will prevail :  
And thou, O man, in thine own sufferings must  
Be polished : every meaner art will fail.

## THE COCK.

I, clapping on my sides my wings with might,  
First to myself the busy morn proclaim :  
Who others doth to tasks and toil incite  
Should first himself have roused unto the same.

## THE NIGHTINGALE.

Leaning my bosom on a pointed thorn,  
I bleed, and bleeding sing my sweetest strain ;  
For sweetest songs of saddest hearts are born,  
And who may here dissever love and pain ?

## THE SNAKE.

Myself I force some narrowest passage through,  
Leaving my old and wrinkled skin behind,  
And issuing forth in splendour of my new :  
Hard entrance into life all creatures find.

## THE TIGER.

Hearing sweet music, as in fell despight,  
Himself the tiger doth in pieces tear :  
The melody of other men's delight  
There are, alas ! who can as little bear.

## FALLING STARS.

Angels are we, that once from heaven exiled,  
Would climb its crystal battlements again ;  
But have their keen-eyed watchers not beguiled,  
Hurled by their glittering lances back amain.

## THE OIL OF MERCY.

THE traditions of a relation between the Tree of Life which was set in Paradise, and the Cross on which hung the Saviour of the world, are almost infinite; or, rather, the one deep idea of their identity has clothed itself in innumerable forms. They constitute, indeed, one of the richest portions of what may perhaps without offence be termed the mythology of the Christian Church. That which I have followed here is given in the *Evangelium Nicodemi*, c. 19. (See Thilo's *Codex Apocryphus*, v. i. p. 684.) In the *Recognitions* of Clement, l. 1, c. 45, an Ebionite book, and therefore only acknowledging the humanity of Christ, He is, consistently with this view, said, not himself to anoint, but to have been anointed with the oil from the Tree of Life. The connexion between the Tree of Life and the Cross of Christ has been twice wrought up into sublime dramatic poems by Calderon; once in his Auto, *El Arbol del mejor Fruto*; and again in that which is indeed only the same poem in a later and more perfect form, *La Sibila del Oriente*. We have the same tradition of Seth going to the gates of Paradise in the fine old Cornish Mystery, *The Creation of the World*, which was published some years ago with an English translation; and allusions to it are frequent in all the popular literature of the Middle Ages; see, for instance, Goethe's recension of the *Reineke Fuchs*, near the beginning of the tenth book; and a curious passage on the subject in Mandeville's *Travels*. Rückert, in the poem which follows this, has given the tradition in somewhat a different shape.—I may just observe that this poem is an attempt—I will confess no very encouraging one—to write English verse in the Spanish assonant rhyme, of which the principle is, that words are considered to rhyme which have the same vowel-sounds, though the consonants are

different; thus, *angel* and *raiment* having the same vowel-sounds, *a—e*, are perfect assonant rhymes. As in the Persian Ghazel, there is but one rhyme running through the whole poem, in which all the alternate lines, beginning with the second, terminate: and of course the rhythmical effect of the metre is to be judged, not by any half-dozen lines apart, but by the total impression which the whole poem continuously read leaves on the ear.

MANY beauteous spots the earth  
Keepeth yet,—but brighter, fairer  
Did that long-lost Eden show  
Than the loveliest that remaineth:  
So what marvel, when our Sire  
Was from thence expelled, he waited  
Lingering with a fond regret  
Round those blessed happy places  
Once his home, while innocence  
Was his bright sufficient raiment?  
Long he lingered there, and saw  
Up from dark abysmal spaces  
Four strong rivers rushing ever:  
Saw the mighty wall exalted  
High as heaven, and on its heights  
Glimpses of the fiery Angel.  
Long he lingered near, with hope  
Which had never quite abated,  
That one day the righteous sentence,  
Dooming him to stern disgraces,  
Should be disannulled, and he  
In his first bliss reinstated.

But when mortal pangs surprised him,  
By an unseen foe assailed,  
Seth he called, his dearest son,  
Called him to his side, and faintly  
Him addressed—" My son, thou knowest  
Of what sufferings partaker,  
Of what weariness and toil,  
Of what sickness, pain and danger  
I have been, since that sad hour  
That from Eden's precincts drove me.  
But thou dost not know that God,  
When to exile forth I farèd,  
Houseless wanderer through the world,  
Thus with gracious speech bespake me:  
—'Though thou mayst not here continue,  
In these blessed happy places,  
As before from pain exempt,  
Suffering, toil, and mortal ailment,  
Think not thou shalt therefore be  
Of my loving care forsaken:  
Rather shall that tree of life,  
In the middle garden planted,  
Once a precious balm distil,  
Which to thee applied, thine ailments  
Shall be all removed, and thou  
Made of endless life partaker.'—  
With these words He cheered me then,  
Words that have remained engraven  
On my bosom's tablets since.

Go then, dear my son, oh hasten  
Unto Eden's guarded gate,  
Tell thine errand to the Angel;  
And that fiery sentinel  
To the tree will guide thee safely,  
Where it stands, aloft, alone,  
In the garden's middle spaces:  
Thence bring back that oil of mercy,  
Ere my lamp of life be wasted."

When his father's feeble words  
Seth had heard, at once he hastened,  
Hoping to bring back that oil,  
Ere the light had wholly faded  
From his father's eyes, the lamp  
Of his life had wholly wasted.  
O'er the plain besprent with flowers,  
With ten thousand colours painted  
In that spring-time of the year,  
By Thelassar on he hastened,  
Made no pause, till Eden's wall  
Rose an ever-verdant barrier,  
High as heaven's great roof, that shines  
With its bright carbuncles paven.  
There the son of Adam paused,  
For above him hung the Angel  
In the middle air suspense,  
With his swift sword glancing naked.

Down upon his face he fell,  
By the sun-bright vision dazèd.  
“ Child of man ”—these words he heard,  
“ Rise, and say what thing thou cravest.”

All his father's need he told,  
And how now his father waited,  
In his mighty agony  
For that medicine yearning greatly.  
“ But thou seekest ”—(this reply  
Then he heard) “ thou seekest vainly  
For that oil of mercy yet,  
Nor will tears nor prayers avail thee.  
Go then quickly back, and bring  
These my words to him, thy parent,  
Parent of the race of men.  
He and they in faith and patience  
Must abide, long years must be  
Ere the precious fruit be gathered,  
Ere the oil of mercy flow  
From the blessec tree and sacred,  
In the Paradise of God :  
Nor till then will be obtainèd  
The strong medicine of life,  
Healing every mortal ailment ;  
Nor thy sire till then be made  
Of immortal life a sharer.

Fear not that his heart will sink  
When these tidings back thou bearest,  
Rather thou shalt straightway see  
All his fears and pangs abated,  
And by faith allayed to meekness  
Every wish and thought impatient.  
Hasten back then—thy return,  
Strongly yearning, he awaiteth :  
Hasten back then.”—On the word  
To his father back he hastened,  
Found him waiting his return  
In his agony, his latest :  
Told him of what grace to come,  
Of what sure hope he was bearer ;  
And beheld him on that word,  
Every fear and pang assuagèd,  
And by faith allayed to meekness  
Every wish and thought impatient,  
Like a child resign himself  
Unto sweet sleep, calm and painless.

## THE TREE OF LIFE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF RÜCKERT.

I.

WHEN Adam's latest breath was nearly gone,  
To Paradise the Patriarch sent his son,

II.

A branch to fetch him from the tree of life,  
Hoping to taste of it ere life was done.

III.

Seth brought the branch, but ere he had arrived,  
His father's spirit was already flown.

IV.

Then planted they the twig on Adam's grave,  
And it was tended still from son to son.

V.

It grew while Joseph in the dungeon lay,  
It grew while Israel did in Egypt groan.

VI.

Sweet odours gave the blossoms of the tree,  
When David harping sat upon his throne.

## vii.

Dry was the tree, when from the ways of God  
Went erring in his wisdom Solomon.

## viii.

Yet the world hoped it would revive anew,  
When David's stock should give another Son.

## ix.

Faith saw in spirit this, the while she sat  
Mourning beside the floods of Babylon.

## x.

And when the eternal lightning flashed from heaven,  
The tree asunder burst with jubilant tone.

## xi.

To the dry trunk this grace from God was given,  
The Wood of Passion should from thence be won.

## xii.

The blind world fashioned out of it the Cross,  
And its Salvation nailed with scorn thereon.

## xiii.

Then bore the tree of life ensanguined fruit,  
Which whoso tasteth, life shall be his loan.

## xiv.

Oh look, oh look, how grows the tree of life,  
By storms established more, not overthrown.

## xv.

May the *whole* world beneath its shadow rest !  
*Half* has its shelter there already won.

## THE TREE OF LIFE.

FROM AN OLD LATIN POEM.

### I.

THERE is a spot, of men believed to be  
Earth's centre, and the place of Adam's grave,  
And here a slip that from a barren tree  
Was cut, fruit sweet and salutary gave—  
Yet not unto the tillers of the land;  
That blessed fruit was culled by other hand.

### II.

The shape and fashion of the tree attend:  
From undivided stem at first it sprung;  
Thence in two arms its branches did outsend,  
Like sail-yards whence the flowing sheet is hung,  
Or as a yoke that in the furrow stands,  
When the tired steers are loosened from their bands.

### III.

Three days the slip from which this tree should spring  
Appeared as dead—then suddenly it bore,  
(While earth and heaven stood awed and wondering)  
Harvest of vital fruit;—the fortieth more  
Beheld it touch heaven's summit with its height,  
And shroud its sacred head in clouds of light.

## IV.

Yet the same while it did put forth below  
Branches twice six, these too with fruit endued,  
Which stretching to all quarters might bestow  
Upon all nations medicine and food,  
Which mortal men might eat, and eating be  
Sharers henceforth of immortality.

## V.

But when another fifty days were gone,  
A breath divine, a mighty storm of heaven  
On all the branches swiftly lighted down,  
To which a rich nectareous taste was given,  
And all the heavy leaves that on them grew  
Distilled henceforth a sweet and heavenly dew.

## VI.

Beneath that tree's great shadow on the plain  
A fountain bubbled up, whose lymph serene  
Nothing of earthly mixture might distain:  
Fountain so pure not anywhere was seen  
In all the world, nor on whose marge the earth  
Put flowers of such unfading beauty forth.

## VII.

And thither did all people, young and old,  
Matrons and virgins, rich and poor, a crowd  
Stream ever, who, whenas they did behold  
Those branches with their golden burden bowed,  
Stretched forth their hands, and eager glances threw  
Toward the fruit distilling that sweet dew.

## VIII.

But touch they might not these, much less allay  
Their hunger, howsoe'er they might desire,  
Till the foul tokens of their former way  
They had washed off, the dust and sordid mire,  
And cleansed their bodies in that holy wave,  
Able from every spot and stain to save.

## IX.

But when within their mouths they had received  
Of that immortal fruit the gust divine,  
Straight of all sickness were their souls relieved,  
The weak grew strong ;—and tasks they *did* decline  
As overgreat for them, they shunned no more,  
And things they deemed they could not bear, they bore.

## X.

But woe, alas ! some daring to draw near  
That sacred stream, did presently retire,  
Drew wholly back again, and did not fear  
To stain themselves in all their former mire,  
That fruit rejecting from their mouths again,  
Not any more their medicine, but their bane.

## XI.

Oh blessedèd they, who not withdrawing so,  
First in that fountain make them pure and fair,  
And who from thence unto the branches go,  
With power upon the fruitage hanging there :  
Thence by the branches of the lofty tree  
Ascend to heaven—The Tree of Life oh, see !

## THE CROSS.

FROM CALDERON.

TREE, which heaven has willed to dower  
With that true fruit whence we live,  
As that other, death did give;  
Of new Eden loveliest flower;  
Bow of light, that in worst hour  
Of the worst flood signal true  
O'er the world, of mercy threw;  
Fair plant, yielding sweetest wine;  
Of our David harp divine;  
Of our Moses tables new;  
Sinner am I, therefore I  
Claim upon thy mercies make,  
Since alone for sinners' sake  
God on thee endured to die.

## PARADISE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF RÜCKERT.

### I.

O H ! Paradise must show more fair  
Than any earthly ground,  
And therefore longs my spirit there  
Right quickly to be found.

### II.

In Paradise a stream must flow  
Of everlasting love :  
Each tear of longing shed below  
Therein a pearl will prove.

### III.

In Paradise a breath of balm  
All anguish must allay,  
Till every anguish growing calm,  
Even mine shall flee away.

### IV.

And there the tree of stillest peace  
In verdant spaces grows :  
Beneath it one can never cease  
To dream of blest repose.

## v.

A cherub at the gate must be,  
Far off the world to fray,  
That its rude noises reach not me,  
To fright my dream away.

## vi.

My heart, that weary ship, at last  
Safe haven there will gain,  
And on the breast will slumber fast  
The wakeful infant, Pain.

## vii.

For every thorn that pierced me here  
The rose will there be found;  
With joy, earth's roses brought not near,  
My head will there be crowned.

## viii.

There all delights will blossom forth,  
That here in bud expire,  
And from all mourning weeds of earth  
Be wove a bright attire.

## ix.

All here I sought in vain pursuit,  
Will freely meet me there,  
As from green branches golden fruit,  
Fair flowers from gardens fair.

## x.

My youth, that by me swept amain,  
On swift wing borne away,  
And Love, that suffered me to drain  
Its nectar for a day,—

## xi.

These, never wishing to depart,  
Will me for ever bless,  
Their darling fold unto the heart,  
And comfort and caress.

## xii.

And there the Loveliness, whose glance  
From far did on me gleam,  
But whose unveiled countenance  
Was only seen in dream,

## xiii.

Will, meeting all my soul's desires,  
Unveil itself to me,  
When to the choir of starry lyres  
Shall mine united be.

## THE HOLY EUCHARIST.

FROM CALDERON.

HONEY in the lion's mouth,  
Emblem mystical, divine,  
How the sweet and strong combine ;  
Cloven rock for Israel's drouth ;  
Treasure-house of golden grain,  
By our Joseph laid in store,  
In his brethren's famine sore  
Freely to dispense again ;  
Dew on Gideon's snowy fleece ;  
Well from bitter changed to sweet ;  
Shew-bread laid in order meet,  
Bread whose cost doth ne'er increase,  
Though no rain in April fall ;  
Horeb's manna, freely given,  
Showered in white dew from heaven,  
Marvellous, angelical ;  
Weightiest bunch of Canaan's vine ;  
Cake to strengthen and sustain  
Through long days of desert pain ;  
Salem's monarch's bread and wine ;—  
Thou the antidote shalt be  
Of my sickness and my sin,  
Consolation, medicine,  
Life and Sacrament to me.

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I.

O H thou of dark forebodings drear,  
Oh thou of such a faithless heart,  
Hast thou forgotten what thou art,  
That thou hast ventured so to fear ?

II.

No weed on ocean's bosom cast,  
Borne by its never-resting foam  
This way and that, without an home,  
Till flung on some bleak shore at last :

III.

But thou the lotus, which above  
Swayed here and there by wind and tide,  
Yet still below doth fixed abide,  
Fast rooted in the eternal Love.

## THE PRODIGAL.

I.

WHY feedest thou on husks so coarse and rude ?  
I could not be content with angels' food.

II.

How camest thou companion to the swine ?  
I loathed the courts of heaven, the choir divine.

III.

Who bade thee crouch in hovel dark and drear ?  
I left a palace wide to sojourn here.

IV.

Harsh tyrant's slave who made thee, once so free ?  
A father's rule too heavy seemed to me.

V.

What sordid rags hang round thee on the breeze ?  
I laid immortal robes aside for these.

VI.

An exile through the world who bade thee roam ?  
None, but I wearied of an happy home.

## VII.

Why must thou dweller in a desert be ?  
A garden seemed not fair enough to me.

## VIII.

Why sue a beggar at the mean world's door ?  
To live on God's large bounty seemed so poor.

## IX.

What has thy forehead so to earthward brought ?  
To lift it higher than the stars I thought.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE FIRST TIDINGS  
OF THE CABUL MASSACRES,

JANUARY, 1842.

I.

WE sat our peaceful hearths beside,  
Within our temples hushed and wide  
We worshipped without fear :  
With solemn rite, with festal blaze,  
We welcomed in the earliest days  
Of this new-coming year.

II.

O ye that died, brave hearts and true,  
How in those days it fared with you  
We did not then surmise ;  
That bloody rout, which still doth seem  
The fancy of an horrid dream,  
Was hidden from our eyes :

III.

But haunts us now by day and night  
The vision of that ghastly flight,  
Its shapes of haggard fear :

While still from many a mourning home  
The wails of lamentation come,  
And fill our saddened ear.

## IV.

O England, bleeding at thy heart  
For thy lost sons, a solemn part  
Doth Heaven to thee assign.  
High wisdom hast thou need to ask,  
For vengeance is a fearful task,  
And yet that task is thine.

## V.

Oh then, fulfil it, not in pride,  
Nor ought to passionate hate allied;  
But know thyself to be  
The justicer of righteous Heaven ;  
That unto thee a work is given,  
A burden laid on thee.

## VI.

So thine own heart from guilty stains  
First cleanse, and then, for what remains,  
That do with all thy might ;  
That with no faltering hand fulfil,  
With no misgiving heart or will,  
As dubious of the right :

## VII.

That do, not answering wrong for wrong,  
But witnessing that truth is strong,  
    And, outraged, bringeth woe.  
'Tis this by lessons sad and stern,  
To men who no way else would learn  
    Which thou art set to show.

## M O O L T A N.

"A company of Moolraj's Muzubees, or outcasts turned Sikhs, led on the mob. It was an appalling sight; and Sirdar Khan Sing begged of Mr. Agnew to be allowed to wave a sheet, and sue for mercy. Weak in body from loss of blood, Agnew's heart failed him not. He replied, 'The time for mercy is gone; let none be asked for. They can kill us two if they like, but we are not the last of the English; *thousands of Englishmen will come down here when we are gone, and annihilate Moolraj, and his soldiers, and his fort!*' The crowd now rushed in with horrible shouts; made Khan Sing prisoner, and pushing aside the servants with the butts of their muskets, surrounded the two wounded officers. Lieutenant Anderson, from the first, had been too much wounded even to move; and now Mr. Agnew was sitting by his bedside, holding his hand, and talking in English. Doubtless, they were bidding each other farewell for all time . . . . . Anderson was hacked to death with swords, and afterwards the two bodies were dragged outside, and slashed and insulted by the crowd, then left all night under the sky."—MAJOR EDWARDES' *Year on the Punjab Frontier*, vol. ii. p. 58.

"The besieging army did not march away to other fields without performing its last melancholy duty to the memory of Agnew and Anderson. The bodies of those officers were carefully—I may say affectionately—removed from the careless grave where they lay side by side; and, wrapped in Cashmere shawls, (with a vain but natural desire to obliterate all traces of neglect,) were borne by the soldiers of the 1st Bombay Fusiliers (Anderson's own regiment) to an honoured resting-place on the summit of Moolraj's citadel. By what way borne? Through the gate where they had been first assaulted? Oh, no! through the broad and sloping breach, which had been made by the British guns in the walls of the rebellious fortress of Mooltan."—*The Same*, p. 588.

## I.

BEAR them gently, bear them duly up the broad and  
sloping breach

Of this torn and shattered city, till their resting-place  
they reach.

## II.

In the costly cashmeres folded, on the stronghold's  
topmost crown,

In the place of foremost honour, lay these noble relics  
down.

## III.

Here repose, for this is meetest, ye who here breathed  
out your life,

Ah ! in no triumphant battle, but beneath the assassin's  
knife.

## IV.

Hither bearing England's message, bringing England's  
just command,

Under England's ægis, came ye to the chieftain of the  
land :

## V.

In these streets beset and wounded, hardly borne with  
life away,

Faint, and bleeding, and forsaken, in your helplessness  
ye lay.

## VI.

But the wolves that once have tasted blood, will ravin  
still for more ;

From the infuriate city rises high the wild and savage  
roar.

## VII.

Near and nearer grows the tumult of the gathering  
murderous crew ;  
Tremble round those helpless couches an unarmed but  
faithful few :

## VIII.

“ Profitless is all resistance : let us then this white flag  
wave,  
Ere it be too late, disdain not mercy at their hands to  
crave.”

## IX.

But to no unworthy pleading would descend that noble  
twain :  
“ Nay, for mercy sue not ; ask not what to ask from  
these were vain.

## X.

“ We are two, betrayed and lonely ; human help or  
hope is none ;  
Yet, O friends, be sure that England owns beside us  
many a son.

## XI.

“ They may slay us ; in our places multitudes will here  
be found,  
Strong to hurl this guilty city with its murderers to  
the ground.

## xii.

“ Yea, who stone by stone would tear it from its deep foundations strong,  
Rather than to leave unpunished them that wrought this bloody wrong.”

## xiii.

Other words they changed between them, which none else could understand,  
Accents of our native English, brothers grasping hand in hand.

## xiv.

So they died, the gallant hearted ! so from earth their spirits past,  
Uttering words of lofty comfort each to each unto the last ;

## xv.

And we heed, but little heeded their true spirits far away,  
All of wrong and coward outrage, heaped on the unfeeling clay.

## xvi.

—Lo ! a few short moons have vanished, and the promised ones appear,  
England's pledged and promised thousands, England's multitudes are here.

## xvii.

Flame around the blood-stained ramparts swiftest messengers of death,  
Girdling with a fiery girdle, blasting with a fiery breath ;

## xviii.

Ceasing not, till choked with corpses low is laid the  
murderers' hold,  
And in his last lair the tiger toils of righteous wrath  
enfold.

## xix.

Well, oh well—ye have not failed them who on  
England's truth relied,  
Who on England's name and honour did in that dread  
hour confide :

## xx.

Now one last dear duty render to the faithful and the  
brave,  
What they left of earth behind them rescuing for a  
worthier grave.

## xxi.

Oh then, bear them, hosts of England, up the broad  
and sloping breach  
Of this torn and shattered city, till their resting-place  
they reach.

## xxii.

In the costly cashmeres folded, on the rampart's topmost  
crown,  
In the place of foremost honour, lay these noble relics  
down.

## THE LOREY-LEY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

### I.

WHAT makes me so heavy-hearted,  
I ask of my heart in vain:  
But a tale of the times departed  
Haunts ever my heart and brain.

### II.

In the cool air it waxes dimmer,  
And quietly flows the Rhine:  
And the mountain summits glimmer  
In the sunny evening shine.

### III.

There sits on the rocks a maiden  
In marvellous beauty there;  
With gold her apparel is laden,  
And she combs her golden hair:

### IV.

And the comb is of gold and glistens,  
And thereto she sings a song,  
Which for every soul that listens  
Has a potent spell and strong.

## v.

The boatman in light boat speeding,  
When he hears it, utters a cry,  
No longer the rapids heeding,  
But only gazing on high.

## vi.

The stream is its wild waves flinging  
O'er boat and boatman anon,  
And 'tis this with her lovely singing  
Which the Lorey-ley has done.

## H Y M N   T O   O C E A N.

FROM THE GERMAN OF RÜCKERT.

### I.

O CRADLE, whence the suns ascend, old Ocean divine;

O grave, whereto the suns descend, old Ocean divine :

### II.

O spreading in the calm of night thy mirror, wherein  
The moon her countenance doth bend, old Ocean divine.

### III.

O thou that dost in midnights still thy chorus of waves  
With dances of the planets blend, old Ocean divine :

### IV.

The morning and the evening reds are roses of thine,  
Two roses that for thine are kenned, old Ocean divine.

### V.

O Amphitrite's panting breast, whose breathing doth  
make

The waves to fall and to ascend, old Ocean divine :

## VI.

O womb of Aphrodite, bear thy beautiful child,  
Abroad thy glory to commend, old Ocean divine.

## VII.

Oh sprinkle thou with pearly dew earth's garland of  
spring,  
For only thou hast pearls to spend, old Ocean divine.

## VIII.

All Naiads that from thee had flowed, commanded by  
thee  
Back to thy Nereid-dances tend, old Ocean divine.

## IX.

What ships of thought sail forth on thee! Atlantis doth  
sleep  
In silence at thine utmost end, old Ocean divine.

## X.

The goblets of the gods, from high Olympus that fall,  
Thou dost on coral wreaths suspend, old Ocean divine.

## XI.

A diver in the sea of love my song is, that fain  
Thy glory would to all commend, old Ocean divine.

## XII.

I like the moon beneath thy waves with yearning  
would plunge;  
Thence might I like the sun ascend, old Ocean divine.

## SUNSET.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

FAUST is watching the setting sun, and after some mournful reflections exclaims :

YET the rich blessing which this hour bestows  
Let us not mar with mournful thoughts like these :  
See yonder where the sun of evening glows,  
How gleam the green-girt cottages.  
He stoops, he sinks—and overlived is day :  
But he hastes on, to kindle life anew.  
Ah ! that no wing lifts me from earth away  
Him to pursue, and evermore pursue :  
Then should I in eternal evening-light  
The hushed world at my feet behold,  
See every vale in calm, and flaming every height,  
And silver brooks see lost in streams of gold.  
Then would not the wild mountain hinder more  
My course divine with all its rugged heads :  
Its heated bays even now the ocean spreads  
My wondering eyes before.

Yet the god seems at last away to sink;  
But the new impulse stirs with might:  
I hasten his eternal beams to drink,  
The day before me, and behind the night,  
The heaven above me spread, and under me the sea :  
Fair dream ! which while I dwell on, he is gone.  
Ah ! that an actual wing may not so soon  
Unto our spirit's wing united be.  
And yet it is to each inbred  
That still his spirit forward, upward springs,  
When hidden in blue spaces overhead  
The lark his shattering carol sings ;  
When over pine-clad mountains soars  
The eagle, spread upon the air,  
When over seas and over moors  
The crane doth to its home repair.

## THE CURSE OF CORN-HOARDERS.

### I.

O H, time it was of famine sore,  
That ever sorer grew ;  
And many hungered, who before  
Rich plenty only knew.

### II.

For year by year the labouring hind  
Bewailed his fruitless toil,  
And ever seemed some spell to bind  
The hard, unthankful soil.

### III.

His seed-corn rotted in the ground,  
And did no more appear ;  
Or if in blade and stalk was found,  
It withered in the ear.

### IV.

And now unseasonable rains,  
And now untimely drought,  
With blight and mildew, all his pains  
And hopes to nothing brought.

## v.

And ever did that keen distress  
In wider circles spread ;  
Who once with alms did others bless,  
Now lacked their daily bread.

## vi.

One only, who was never known  
To bless another's board—  
In all that Suabian land alone  
This cruel, impious lord,

## vii.

Did all the while exempt appear  
From this wide-reaching ill ;  
With largest bounties of the year  
His broad fields laughing still.

## viii.

The autumn duly had outpoured  
For him its plenteous horn,  
And safe in ample granaries stored  
He saw his golden corn ;

## ix.

And high he reared new granaries vast,  
Of hewn stone builded strong,  
And made with bars of iron fast,  
And fenced from every wrong.

## X.

Till safe, as seemed, from every foe,  
He now, as if the sight  
Of others' want and others' woe  
Enhanced his own delight,

## XI.

Sate high, and with his minions still  
Did keep continual feast;  
Long nights with waste and wassail fill  
Which not with morning ceased;

## XII.

Till oft-times they who wandered near  
Those halls at early day,  
Culling wild herbs and roots in fear,  
Their hunger to allay,

## XIII.

Heard sounds of fierce and reckless mirth  
Borne from those halls of pride,  
While famine's feeble wail went forth  
From all the land beside;

## XIV.

And strange thoughts rose in many a breast,  
Why God's true servants pined,  
And largest means this man unblest  
Did still for riot find;

## xv.

Which stranger grew, as more and more  
He did his coffers fill  
With gold and every precious store,  
Wrung from men's cruel ill;

## xvi.

As he each poor man's field was fain  
To add unto his own—  
To the wide space of his domain,  
Now daily wider grown.

## xvii.

For some, their lives awhile to save,  
Had sold him house and lands;  
And some to bonds their children gave,  
As grew his stern demands:

## xviii.

Yet not a whit for poor man's curse  
This evil churl did care;  
He said,—it passed, nor left him worse—  
That words were only air.

## xix.

He, if they cried "For Jesu's sake,  
That so may light on thee  
God's blessing," answer proud would make,  
"What will that profit me?"

## xx.

“ I ask no blessing, yet my fields  
Have store of spiky grain :  
The earth to me its fatness yields,  
The sky its sun and rain.

## xxi.

“ And high my granaries stand, and strong,  
Huge-vaulted, ribbed with stone :  
What need I fear ? from any wrong  
I can defend mine own.”—

## xxii.

Thus ever fierce and fiercer rose  
His words of scorn and pride ;  
And more he mocked at mortal woes,  
And earth and heaven defied.

## xxiii.

And thus it chanced upon a day,  
As oft had been before,  
That from his gates he spurned away  
A widow, old and poor ;

## xxiv.

When to his presence entered in  
A servant, pale with fear,  
And did with trembling words begin :—  
“ O dread my Lord, give ear !

## xxv.

“ As me perchance my business drew  
Thy storehouse vast beside,  
I heard unwonted sounds, and through  
The iron grating spied.

## xxvi.

“ The thing I saw, if like it seemed  
To any thing on earth,  
I might some huge black bull have deemed  
That hellish monstrous birth.

## xxvii.

“ Yet how should beast have entrance found  
Into that guarded place,  
Which strangely now it wandered round,  
With wild unresting pace ?

## xxviii.

“ Oh, here must be some warning meant,  
Which do not now deride :  
Oh, yet have pity, and relent,  
Nor speak such words of pride.”

## xxix.

Slight heed his tale of fear might find,  
Slight heed his counsel true ;  
That utterance of his faithful mind  
He now had learned to rue,

## xxx.

But that, even then, another came,  
 Worse terror in his mien :  
 —“Three monstrous creatures, breathing flame,  
 These eyes but now have seen ;

## xxxI.

“They toss about thy hoarded store,  
 And greedily they eat,  
 Consuming thus a part, but more  
 They stamp beneath their feet.

## xxxII.

“Oh, Sir, full often God doth take  
 What we refuse to give ;  
 But yet to Him large offering make,  
 And all our souls my live.”

## xxxIII.

—“Fool !—let another hasten now,  
 But if he shall not see  
 The self-same vision, fellow, thou  
 Shalt hang on yonder tree.”

## xxxIV.

He said—when, lo ! in rushed a third  
 Within the briefest space :—  
 —“Of horses wild and bulls an herd  
 Is filling all the place.

## xxxv.

“ The numbers of that furious rout  
Wax ever high and higher ;  
And from their mouths smoke issues out,  
And from their nostrils fire.

## xxxvi.

“ From side to side they leap and bound,  
The hoarded corn they eat,  
They toss and scatter on the ground,  
And stamp beneath their feet.

## xxxvii.

“ My Lord, these portents do not scorn ;  
Thy granary doors throw wide,  
And poor men’s prayers even yet may turn  
The threatened wrath aside.”

## xxxviii.

—“ What, all conspiring in one tale !  
Or fooled by one deceit !  
Yet think not ye shall so prevail,  
Or me so lightly cheat.

## xxxix.

“ Come with me ;—fling the portals back ;  
I too this sight would see :  
What ! one and all this courage lack ?  
Give *me* the ponderous key.”

## XL.

In fear the vassal multitude  
Fell back on either side :  
Before the doors he singly stood,  
He singly—in his pride.

## XLI.

But them, or ere he touched, asunder  
Some hand unbidden threw ;  
With lightning flash, with sound like thunder  
The gates wide open flew.

## XLII.

How shook then underneath the tread  
Of thousand hooves the earth !  
Day darkened into night with dread,  
So strange a troop rushed forth !

## XLIII.

And all who saw like dead men stood,  
As swept that wild troop by,  
Till lost within a neighbouring wood  
For aye from mortal eye.

## XLIV.

But when that hurricane was past  
Of hideous sight and sound,  
And when they breathed anew, they cast  
Their fearful glances round :

## XLV.

They lifted up a blackened corse,  
Where scorched and crushed it lay,  
And scarred with hooves of fiery force,—  
Then bore in awe away;

## XLVI.

They bore away, but not to hide  
In any holy ground;  
Who in his height of sin had died  
No hallowed burial found.

## THE CORREGAN.

A BALLAD OF BRITTANY.

I.

THEY were affianced, a youthful pair;  
In youth, alas! they divided were.

II.

Lovely twins she has brought to light,  
A boy and a girl, both snowy white.

III.

—“What shall now for thee be done,  
Who hast brought me this longed-for son?

IV.

Shall I fetch thee fowl from the sedgy mere?  
Or strike in the greenwood the flying deer?”

V.

—“Wild deer’s flesh would please me best,  
Yet wherefore go to the far forêt?”

VI.

He snatched his spear, he mounted his steed;  
He to the greenwood is gone with speed.

## VII.

When he there arrived, a milk-white hind  
Started before him as swift as wind.

## VIII.

He pursued it with foot so fleet,  
On his forehead stood the heat,

## IX.

And down his courser's flanks it ran ;  
—Evening now to close began ;

## X.

When he espied a stream that flowed  
Near the Corregan's abode.

## XI.

Smoothest turf encircled its brink ;  
Down from his steed he alit to drink.

## XII.

By its margin was seated there  
The Corregan, combing her golden hair,

## XIII.

Combing it with a comb of gold ;  
Richly clad, and bright to behold.

## XIV.

—“Thou art bolder than thou dost know,  
Daring to trouble my waters so.

## XV.

“ Me shalt thou on the instant wed,  
Or in three days shalt be dead.”

## XVI.

—“ I will not wed on the instant thee,  
Nor yet in three days dead will be.

## XVII.

“ When God pleases I will die,  
And already wedded am I;

## XVIII.

“ And besides I had rather died  
Than to make a fairy my bride.”

## XIX.

—“ Sick am I, mother, at heart; oh, spread,  
If thou lovest me, my death-bed.

## XX.

“ Me the fairy has looked to death :  
In three days shall I yield my breath.

## XXI.

“ Yet though my body in earth they lay,  
To her I love, oh, nothing say.”

## XXII.

—Three days after, “ O mother, tell,”  
She exclaimed, “ why tolls the bell ?

## XXIII.

“ Why do the priests so mournfully go,  
Clad in white, and chanting low ? ”

## XXIV.

—“ A beggar we lodged died yesternight ;  
They bury him with the morning light.”

## XXV.

—“ O mother, where is my husband gone ? ”  
—“ He from the town will return anon.”

## XXVI.

—“ O mother, I would to church repair ;  
Tell me what were meetest to wear :

## XXVII.

“ Shall it be my robe of blue,  
Or my vest of scarlet hue ? ”

## XXVIII.

—“ It is now the manner to wear  
Garments of black, my daughter, there.”

## XXIX.

When she came to the churchyard ground,  
Her husband’s grave was the first she found.

## XXX.

—“ Death of kin I have not heard,  
Yet this earth has been newly stirred.”

## xxxI.

—“My daughter, the truth I needs must sho  
‘Tis thy husband that lies below.”

## xxxII.

Down she fell upon that floor ;  
Thence she rose not any more.

## xxxIII.

But the night next after the day,  
When by his her body lay,

## xxxIV.

Two tall oaks, both stately and fair,  
Marvel to see ! arose in air ;

## xxxV.

And upon their uppermost spray  
Two white doves, delightsome and gay :

## xxxVI.

At dawn of morn they sweetly sung ;  
And lightly toward heaven at noon they spru

S O N N E T.

U  
LYSSES, sailing by the Sirens' isle,  
Sealed first his comrades' ears, then bade them fast  
Bind him with many a fetter to the mast,  
Lest those sweet voices should their souls beguile,  
And to their ruin flatter them, the while  
Their homeward bark was sailing swiftly past ;  
And thus the peril they behind them cast,  
Though chased by those weird voices many a mile.  
But yet a nobler cunning Orpheus used :  
No fetter he put on, nor stopped his ear,  
But ever, as he passed, sang high and clear  
The blisses of the Gods, their holy joys,  
And with diviner melody confused  
And marred earth's sweetest music to a noise.

## S O N N E T.

WERE the sad tablets of our hearts alone  
A dreary blank, for Thee the task were slight,  
To draw fair letters there and lines of light :  
But while far other spectacle is shown  
By them, with dismal traceries overdrawn,  
Oh ! task it seems, transcending highest might,  
Ever again to make them clean and white,  
Effacing the sad secrets they have known.  
And then what heaven were better than a name,  
If there must haunt and cling unto us there  
Abiding memories of our sin and shame ?  
Dread doubt ! which finds no answer anywhere  
Except in Him, who with His power did bring  
To make us feel our sin an alien thing.

S O N N E T.

In the mid garden doth a fountain stand ;  
From font to font its waters fall alway,  
Freshening the leaves by their continual play :—  
Such often have I seen in southern land,  
While every leaf, as though by light winds fanned,  
Has quivered underneath the dazzling spray,  
Keeping its greenness all the sultry day,  
While others pine aloof, a parchèd band.  
And in the mystic garden of the soul  
A fountain, nourished from the upper springs,  
Sends ever its clear waters up on high,  
Which while a dewy freshness round it flings,  
All plants which there acknowledge its control  
Show fair and green, else drooping, pale, and dry.

## ST. CHRYSOSTOM.

'TIS not by action only, not by deed,  
Though that be just and holy, pure and wise,  
That man may to his last perfection rise ;  
Of suffering as of doing he has need :  
Thus prospers with due change the heavenly seed,  
While stormy night succeeds to sunny day ;  
Thus the good metal, proven every way,  
From the last dross that clung to it is freed.  
And thus for thee, O glorious man, on whom  
Love well-deserved, and honour waited long,  
In thy last years, in place of timely ease,  
There did remain another loftier doom,  
Pain, travail, exile, peril, scorn and wrong—  
Glorious before, but glorified through these.

## THE ETRURIAN KING.

See Mrs. Hamilton Gray's *Visit to the Sepulchres of Etruria*.

I.

ONE only eye beheld him in his pride,  
The old Etrurian monarch,—as he died,

II.

And as they laid him on his bier of stone,  
Shield, spear, and arrows laying at his side;

III.

In golden armour, with his crown of gold,  
One only eye the kingly warrior spied:

IV.

Nor that eye long—for in the common air  
The wondrous pageant might not now abide,

V.

Which had in sealèd sepulchre the wrongs  
Of time for thirty centuries defied.

VI.

That eye beheld it melt and disappear,  
As down an hour-glass the last sand-drops glide.

R

## VII.

A few short moments,—and a shrunken heap  
Of common dust survived, of all that pride:

## VIII.

And so that gorgeous vision has remained  
For evermore to other eye denied:

## IX.

And he who saw must oftentimes believe  
That him his waking senses had belied;

## X.

Since what if all the pageants of the earth  
Melt soon away, and may not long abide,

## XI.

Yet when did ever doom *so* swift before  
Even to the glories of the world betide?

## THE PRIZE OF SONG.

### I.

CHALLENGED by the haughty daughters  
Of the old Emathian king,  
Strove the Muses at the waters  
Of that Heliconian spring—  
Proved beside those hallowed fountains  
Unto whom the prize of song,  
Unto whom those streams and mountains  
Did of truest right belong.

### II.

First those others in vexed numbers  
Mourned the rebel giant brood,  
Whom the earth's huge mass encumbers,  
Or who writhe, the vulture's food;  
Mourned for earth-born power, which faileth  
Heaven to win by might and main;  
Then, thrust back, for ever waileth,  
Gnawing its own heart in pain.

## III.

Nature shuddered while she hearkened,  
Through her veins swift horror ran :  
Sun and stars, perturbed and darkened,  
To forsake their orbs began.  
Back the rivers fled ; the ocean  
Howled upon a thousand shores,  
As it would with wild commotion  
Burst its everlasting doors.

## IV.

Hushed was not that stormy riot,  
Till were heard the sacred Nine,  
Singing of the blissful quiet  
In the happy seats divine ;  
Singing of those thrones immortal,  
Whither struggling men attain,  
Passing humbly through the portal  
Of obedience, toil, and pain.

## V.

At that melody symphonious  
Joy to Nature's heart was sent,  
And the spheres, again harmonious,  
Made sweet thunder as they went :  
Lightly moved, with pleasure dancing,  
Little hills and mountains high,—  
Helicon his head advancing,  
Till it almost touched the sky.

## VI.

—Thou whom once those Sisters holy  
On thy lonely path hath met,  
And, thy front thou stooping lowly,  
There their sacred laurel set,  
Oh be thine, their mandate owning,  
Aye with them to win the prize,  
Reconciling and atoning  
With thy magic harmonies :

## VII.

An Arion thou, whose singing  
Rouses not a furious sea,  
Rather the sea-monsters bringing  
Servants to its melody ;  
An Amphion, not with passion  
To set wild the builders' mind,  
But the mystic walls to fashion,  
And the stones in one to bind.

THE END.

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